

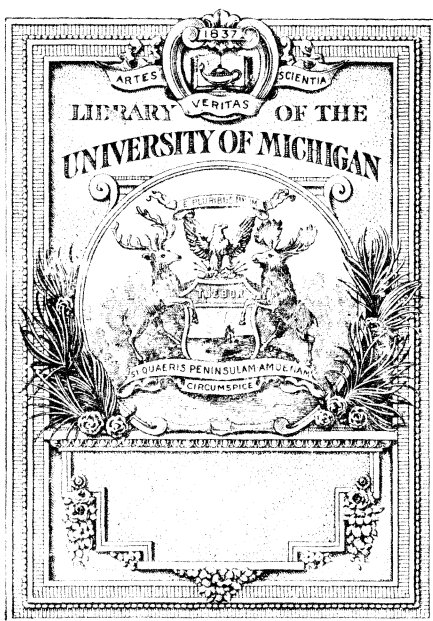
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JOURNAL
OF
AMERICAN
FOLK-LORE

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RECORD OF PHILIPPINE FOLK-LORE.

GUAM. The fourth and fifth sections of W. E. Safford's study of "The Chamorro Language of Guam" appear in the "American Anthropologist" for July-September, 1904 (n. s., vol. vi, pp. 501-534), and April-June, 1905 (vol. vii, pp. 305-315). In Chamorro *guflii*, "to love," signifies literally "to see well," and *chatlii*, "to hate," means "to look ill at." *Gefhinalom*, "generous," means "kind-interior," and *chathinalom*, "mean," signifies literally "bad-interior." Says the author: "The possibility of tracing many words to their original sources is an interesting feature of the Chamorro language, showing clearly that the words were formed by the Chamorros themselves, who use them in their primitive sense." The adverbs *sen* (very, most) and *sesen* (exceedingly) "are in all probability identical with the Nahuatl *cen* (*zen*) and *cecen* (*zesen*), introduced in early times by priests or soldiers from Mexico."

MORO. As vol. iv, pt. i (Manila, 1905, pp. 107), of the Ethnological Survey (Department of the Interior) Publications appears Najeeb M. Saleeby's "Studies in Moro History, Law, and Religion." After a general introduction, English translations of eight MSS (From Adam to Mohammed; Genealogy of Kabungsuwan and his Coming to Magindanao, or the Conversion of Magindanao to Islam; Genealogy of Bwayan; History of the Dumatus and the Conversion of Mindanao to Islam; Oldest Copy of the Genealogy of Magindanao and the Iranun Datus; History and Genealogy of Magindanao Proper; Genealogy of Bagumbayan; Ancestors of the Datus of Mindanao) are given, pages 20-50. Then comes a sketch of the history of Magindanao (pages 51-61). The second chapter (pages 64-100) deals with the laws of the Moros (the *luwaran*, or the laws of Magindanao; the old and new Sulu codes). Chapter iii (pages 101-107) gives the English texts of two Sulu orations, one for the feast of Ramadan, the other the "Friday oration." Facsimiles of many of the pages of the original MSS. serve as illustrations to this interesting monograph, which is based upon "exact and true copies and translations" of the original *tarsila* or *salsila* in the possession of the chief *datus* of the Rio Grande Valley, — these are "written in the Magindanao dialect with Arabic characters, and a great part of their text is Magindanao names which have never yet been expressed by means of Romanic characters." According to the author *Mindanao* means "inundated," and *Magindanao*, "that which inundation," — a very appropriate name in reference to the floods of the Rio Grande. From page 16 we learn: "The word *Mindanao*, unless restricted by the sense of the sentence, is generally used to mean the Island of

Mindanao, while the term *Magindanao* is limited to the old district or town of Cotabato proper." The "mythology of Mindanao," given on pages 16-20, treats of pernicious man-devouring monsters (an amphibious creature, an ugly creature in human form but much larger, two monstrous birds) and their extirpation by Raja Sulayman (Solomon) and Raja Indarapatra, — the latter "is the mythological hero of Magindanao and Mantapuli is his city." The amphibious monster called *kurita* may be the crocodile, and the man-like *tarabusan* some large species of ape.

NEGRITOS. As part i of vol. ii of the "Ethnological Survey (Manila) Publications," appears W. A. Reed's "Negritos of Zambales (Manila, 1904, pp. 90), with 72 plates and 2 text-figures. This monograph is based upon two months' field work in May-June, 1903, at Iba, Tagilti, Sta Fé, Cabayan, Aglao, etc. After an introductory chapter on the past and present distribution of the Negritos (the author thinks they do not exceed 25,000 in number, the largest and purest group being that in the Zambales Mountains in western Luzon; in Panay, Negros, and Mindanao they are also "pure to a large extent;" in east Luzon and Paragua "marked evidence of mixture exists"), the author discusses: Habitat, Negritos of Zambales (physical features, permanent adornment, dress), Industrial Life (home life, agriculture, manufacture and trade, hunting and fishing), Amusements (games, music, dancing), General Social Life (child, marriage, polygamy and divorce, burial, morals, slavery, intellectual life, superstitions), Spanish Attempts to organize the Negritos. Appendix A (pp. 75-77) gives anthropometric measurements of 77 individuals (32 females), and Appendix B (pp. 79-83) vocabularies of 100 words of the Zambal of Bolinao, Zambal of Iba, Zambal of Sta. Fé, Aeta of Subig, Aeta of Bataan, and Dumagat of Bulacan. The Negritos of Zambal "seem to have entirely lost their own language and to have adopted that of the Christianized Zambal." Their social state is "everywhere practically the same," and the Zambals "were the most indolent and backward of the Malayan peoples." Sharpening the teeth (upper usually) is universal among the Negritos. The flint-and-steel method of fire-making "has almost entirely supplanted the more primitive method of rubbing two sticks together." Their agricultural implements are the *tidd*, or digging-stick, and the *bolo*. In the art of making, "aside from the bows and arrows which he constructs with some degree of skill, he has no ingenuity, and his few other products are of the most crude and primitive type." By instinct, habit, and necessity the Negrito is a hunter, and some of his traps are quite skilful (Malay borrowing is hinted in certain cases); in fishing he uses the bamboo weir (perhaps borrowed). The nearest approach to a game observed was "a gambling game." Chil-

dren take up serious life too early to need games. Their music and instruments are crude, and they are said to have but two songs. Their chief amusement is dancing (potato dance, bee dance, torture dance, lover's dance, duel dance). Connected with marriage are the rice ceremony, head ceremony, and *leput*, or home coming. Polygamy characterizes the well-to-do, but the sentiment is against divorce. No special burial ceremony was observed by the author. In truthfulness, honesty, and temperance the Negrito is far superior to the Malayan, from whom many of his vices have been borrowed. Slavery probably still exists. The countenance of the Negrito is "fairly bright and keen, more so than the average Malayan countenance." The Negritos "have developed to a high degree a sense of the dramatic, and they can relate a tale graphically, becoming so interested in their account as to seem to forget their surroundings." The Negritos feed the spirits after a hunt; they believe that the spirits of the dead are constantly present near where they lived when alive. To these "they attribute all adverse circumstances, sickness, failure of crops, unsuccessful hunts."

A. F. C.

RECORD OF NEGRO FOLK-LORE.

AFRICAN. Two interesting recent collections of the legends and folk-lore of the African negro are A. Seidel's "Das Geistesleben der afrikanischen Negervölker" (Berlin, 1905, pp. 340), and T. von Held's "Märchen und Sagen der afrikanischen Neger" (Jena, 1904, pp. xiv, 202). The former contains tales, proverbs, and songs from the Bantu-peoples (pp. 147-276), — Herero, Ambundu, Dualla, Pokomo, Shambala, Bondei, Ganda, Suaheli, Nyamwezi, Nyassa, Zulu, Sutho; mixed-negro peoples, — Gold Coast Tribes, Temne, Wolof, Nupe, Bornu, Hausa, Dinka, Bari. There are also sections on Semitic-speaking peoples (among whom the author includes the modern Egyptians) and the Hamitic tribes (ancient Egyptians, Berbers, etc., Somali, Bilin, etc.), to whom he attaches also the Nama-Hottentots. In an introduction (pp. 1-19) Hr. Seidel discusses briefly some general topics concerning the African negro. The negro, it is here said, lives in the light of Spinoza's *conatus sui ipsius conservandi*. On pages 6-8 the author cites with approval the conclusions reached by Chatelain, in his noteworthy article in this Journal (vol. viii, 1895, pp. 177-184) on "Some Causes of the Retardation of African Progress." The present condition of the negro is not due to lack of intellectual endowment, but to the natural conditions of the African continent, and certain unfortunate social institutions. Again, on pages 10, 11 Hr. Seidel pays tribute to Chatelain's summation of the characteristics of the folk-lore of the African negro. The material for the Ambundu (pp. 153-162) is taken from Chatelain's "Folk-Tales of Angola," which formed the first volume (1894) of the Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society. Seidel considers that the African negroes have especially developed the *märchen*, the fable (animal in particular), the anecdote (chiefly with didactic tendency), religious (cosmogonic) tradition, historic legend (genealogical), riddles, and proverbs, — also many varieties of songs. — T. von Held's book contains besides much material collected by herself (she is now a teacher in South Africa), tales of the Wolof, etc., from other sources. Also (pp. 199-202) some Suaheli, Damara, Herero, Bechuana, Kaffir, and Zulu proverbs. Miss von Held's collection includes tales and legends from the Kaffirs, Zulus, Bushmen, Bechuana, Hottentots, Basuto, Nao, and a number of other tribes and peoples, — animal stories largely predominate. The wealth of African proverbs is indicated by the statement (p. 8) that Christaller collected 3000 among the Tshi negroes alone. The chief animal figures in these tales are the jackal, hedgehog, serpent, wolf, owl, lion, hyena, fox, raven, vulture,

elephant, hare, cow, turtle-dove, crocodile, hippopotamus, pig, eagle, dog, chameleon, etc.

AFRICA AND AMERICA. In the "Pedagogical Seminary" (vol. xii, 1905, pp. 350-368) President G. Stanley Hall discusses "The Negro in Africa and America." The question of religion, etc., is treated at some length. The author considers that "it is surprising to see how few of his aboriginal traits the negro has lost, although many of them are modified." Also: "The negro has a tropical imagination, a very keen sensitiveness to nature, and an overmastering tendency to personify, not only animals but natural objects. This has given birth and currency to the rankest growth of superstition to be found among any race and which often controls daily life." The statement (p. 360) that "the negro himself has an hereditary disregard for heredity and keeps no pedigrees," is intended, as a general statement, to apply in America.

JAMAICA. The collection of "Folk-Lore of the Negroes of Jamaica" (see this Journal, vol. xviii, p. 156) is continued in "Folk-Lore" (vol. xvi, 1905, pp. 68-77). The items recorded relate to the human body; animals, birds, and insects; love, courtship, marriage; births, deaths, funerals; ghosts; visits; the weather; raiments; dreams, etc. Signs, omens, superstitions, etc., in great variety are included. The "duppy" figures largely as usual. On page 75 we learn that "the butting of the right foot is a sign of good luck; butting the left foot signifies bad luck,"—a superstition the opposite of that entertained by the Fjort of West Africa, as Mr. E. S. Hartland, in a footnote, points out.

MELODIES. The "Southern Workman" (vol. xxxiv, p. 265) for May, 1905, calls attention to the latest issue of the Oliver Ditson *Musicalian's Library*, which contains 24 negro melodies adapted to the piano by Coleridge-Taylor. The introduction is by Booker T. Washington, who says: "According to African students at Tuskegee, there are in the native melodies strains that reveal the close relationship between the negro music of Africa and America. And apart from the music of the red man, the negro folk-songs are the only distinctively American music."

GEORGIA (GEECHEE). Under the title "Some Geechee Folk-Lore," Monroe N. Work, of the Georgia State Industrial College, publishes (pp. 633-635) the first part (proverbs, miscellaneous beliefs, animal beliefs, plant superstitions, etc.) of a collection of folk-lore from the oyster negroes of Thunderbolt, Ga., not all of whom believe these superstitions, some often saying, "This is only a saying and is not true." There is said to be a considerable element of African folk-lore among these negroes. The author informs us that "the negroes inhabiting the tide-water section of Georgia and South Carolina are

so peculiar in their dialect, customs, and beliefs that the term Gee-chee, which means a rough, ignorant, and uncouth person, is applied to them." One curious belief is as follows: "If you cannot raise your children, bury on its face the last one to die and those coming after will live; or if you wish to raise your new-born child, sell it to some one for 10 or 25 cents and your child will live." In support of this it is said: "A woman, the mother of 16 children, lost the first 10. The tenth one was buried on its face, and the other six, as they were born, were raised without difficulty. This woman's daughter lost her first two children, but the third was sold, and it lived."

A. F. C.

RECORD OF EUROPEAN FOLK-LORE IN AMERICA.

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES. In the "American Anthropologist," (vol. vi, n. s., pp. 46-50) for January-March, 1904, Professor Will S. Monroe has an article on "Counting-out Rhymes of Children," based on compositions (two sets) of some 2050 pupils in the elementary schools of western Massachusetts, and dealing with one of the points considered, viz., "the extent and importance attached to counting-out rhymes in the plays and games of school-children." Only five boys reported never having used counting-out rhymes in their games. Altogether 183 different counting-out rhymes were reported, but all but 54 proved to be variations of a few pleasing or much used jingles. Girls mentioned more rhymes than boys. The three most popular rhymes are:—

1. Ena, mena, mina, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe, etc.
2. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.
3. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, etc.

Of these No. 1 was reported by 91 per cent. of the children, No. 2 by 86 per cent., and No. 3 by 79 per cent. Sex differences as to content of rhymes were marked. The large number of variations show that "children must add to and alter such rhymes." The formulas of play "are clung to with gospel tenacity," however, and the work of the innovation is often very hard.

SPANISH (MEXICO.) In "Harper's Monthly Magazine" (vol. cxii, pp. 258-265) for January, 1905, Thomas A. Janvier has an article on "Legends of the City of Mexico," stories which, with many others not here recorded, "are the common property of all the people of the City of Mexico," while many of them have also been used freely by the poets, and several have served as the basis for popular plays. They are likewise "stock material for the filling in of odd corners in the queer publications which in Mexico are called newspapers." The legends told in English by Mr. Janvier are: The Legend of Don Joan Manuel, The Legend of the Puente del Clerigo, The Legend of the Obedient Dead Nun, The Legend of the Callejou del Armado. Of these, the first is said to relate to a real historical personage (hung on the gallows for his sins by the angels, the story has it); the second tells how the priest's skeleton avenged his murder; the next relates how the body of a dead nun, at the command of the Mother Superior, shrank so as to go in a coffin too short for its original length; the last is the story of a man armed to the teeth, miser and murderer, as search after his death revealed.

A. F. C.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE Society met in Ithaca, N. Y., in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association, December 26-29, 1905. During the same week met in Ithaca the Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association.

The Council of the Society met at 12 M., Wednesday, December 27, in Sage College of Cornell University.

At 2 P. M. the Society met for business in the Botanical Lecture Room, Sage College, in joint session with the American Anthropological Association. The Chair was occupied by Professor T. F. Crane of Cornell University, as a Past President of the Society.

The Secretary presented a Report on the part of the Council, as follows :—

During the seventeen years which have elapsed since the organization of this Society, there has taken place a great change in the status of American anthropology. To agencies at that time in existence, available for promoting the record of tradition in America, have been added important museums, able to employ funds, even though still inadequate, for purposes of research and publication of traditional matter. The American Anthropological Association, with which the American Folk-Lore Society is now regularly affiliated, has lately begun a useful career. The connection of moral and physical anthropology is so close that advance in one direction of necessity implies interest in other portions of the field ; while to other causes tending to assist traditional investigations must be added the prosperity of archæological inquiry, which of necessity involves attention to folk-lore, as often alone able to supply the key and explanation, the relation to human life, without which monuments and objects are merely so much earth and stone.

Increasing attention to the subject must involve an increase in the volume of publication, alike in the presentation of new material and in the comparison of that already gathered. In spite of what has been accomplished, and of the rapid decay of oral tradition, there remain portions of the territory either altogether unworked or imperfectly explored. The persistence of folk-lore renders it still possible to do something toward completing the record: For example, during the past year it has been shown that a considerable number of old English ballads are still preserved and sung in various parts of the United States. The tales and songs, the superstitions and sayings of American negroes still remain without scientific gathering or

comparative study. Although in the United States rapidly passing away, these usages and conceptions are still to be found in vigorous life in neighboring islands, while in Mexico remains nearly a virgin field for the gathering of Spanish and aboriginal folk-lore.

Under these circumstances, and considering the extent of the territory to be covered, the resources of the Society, and number of its members, are absurdly inadequate. It is to be desired that the membership in the United States should be made sufficient to exercise a powerful influence on the collection of the remaining material, and to place at the disposal of the Society funds for important undertakings. The *Journal of American Folk-Lore* has a large library circulation, and through its exchanges offers an opportunity to investigators who desire to make known the results of their labors; in order to make the publication thoroughly creditable, it is important that editors, who for many years have given and continue to give their services without compensation, should have at their disposal moderate sums with which to encourage collaborators and obtain reports. There are also cases in which a relatively small appropriation would render it possible for deserving students to engage in useful tasks.

It seems incredible that in the United States and Canada a thousand persons should not be found who would be glad to unite with the Society, if the matter were properly called to their attention; but hitherto the recommendations of the Council have not resulted in such accession.

During the past few months, however, a very important step has been taken in the formation of a Branch in California, organized for the purpose of promoting research in that state, and associated with a club formed chiefly of professors of the University of California. It is to be hoped that this example may be followed in other states which have the opportunity of contributing to their own history in a manner which future generations will especially appreciate. So in the Southern states of the Union a movement designed to record the still existing folk-lore of whites and negroes should receive encouragement.

The Council has therefore determined to establish, as far as possible, Secretaries, whose duty shall be to promote membership and library subscription, to form in their territory branches or groups of students or persons interested to hold such public meetings as may seem desirable, and to communicate their proceedings for publication in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. Members of the Society are requested to make suggestions to the Secretary concerning the appointment of such Secretaries, and also the possibility of establishing local organizations in their own neighborhoods.

During the year no addition has been made to the series of Memoirs, of which the Eighth Volume, "Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee," collected and annotated by Prof. George A. Dorsey, appeared in 1904. A Ninth Volume, however, it is hoped, will be ready by the fall of 1906.

The Report of the Treasurer, from January 1 to December 27, 1905, is herewith presented:—

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last statement	\$1,240.47
Receipts from Annual dues	708.00
Subscriptions to Publication Fund	110.00
Sales of Memoirs through Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	434.53
" " " G. A. Dorsey	30.00
" " " the Secretary	5.00
Interest account on balance, Old Colony Trust Co., less charge for collection	19.82
Postage from Members10
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	\$2,547.92

DISBURSEMENTS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 67, 68, 69, 70	\$1,002.46
E. W. Wheeler, Cambridge, Mass., printing of circulars, etc., for the Secretary	34.50
H. M. Hight, Boston, Mass., printing bills, etc., for the Treas- urer	9.00
Expressing of books to Boston35
Second National Bank, New York city, collection	2.10
Postage on bills	4.78
S. Ward & Co., printing Treasurer's book	4.00
Rebate to M. L. Fernald, Cambridge Branch	15.50
" Treasurer of Boston Branch	37.50
" " " " postage on bills	7.11
Rubber stamp65
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	\$1,117.95
Balance to new account	1,429.97
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	\$2,547.92

Note. The above statement does not include the sales of single copies of the Journal of American Folk-Lore through the publishers, nor the subscriptions received by the publishers, through whom the libraries which subscribe to the Journal generally make their payments. Since January 1 has been received an

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account, showing a credit of \$583.68. This sum represents net profits after payment of all mailing expenses of the Journal, charges for binding separates, etc., and extends to three years, 1903-1905; it has been added to the account of the current year (1906).

During the year 1906 no nominations for Officers having been received by the Secretary, the Council, according to the Rules, made nominations as follows:—

PRESIDENT, Professor Alfred L. Kroeber, University of California, San Francisco, Cal.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Professor William Curtis Farabee, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, City of Mexico, Mex.

COUNCILLORS (for three years): Professor Franz Boas, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.; Professor T. F. Crane, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, City of Mexico, Mex. (For one year): Professor J. Dyneley Prince, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

The Secretary was empowered to cast a single ballot for officers as nominated.

The Secretary paid tribute to the memory of members closely connected with the work of the Society, deceased through the year, namely, Dr. John H. Hinton, for fifteen years Treasurer, and Dr. Washington Matthews, from the year of its foundation intimately associated with the life of the Society, and author of a volume of its Memoirs.

No other business coming up, the Society proceeded to hear the reading of papers.

The printed programme was as follows:—

Presidential Address, "Psychic Relation between Men and Animals," MISS ALICE C. FLETCHER, Washington, D. C.

MR. PHILLIPS BARRY, Boston, Mass., "Folk-Poetry of New England."

MR. W. W. NEWELL, Cambridge, Mass., "Early Printed German-American Popular Medicine."

MR. JOHN B. STOUT, Lancaster, Pa., "German-American Riddles."

MR. V. STEFÁNSSON, Cambridge, Mass., "Icelandic Bird and Beast Lore."

DR. JOHN R. SWANTON, Washington, D. C., "A Concordance of American Myths." Discussion introduced by Dr. Roland B. Dixon of Harvard University.

To the regret of the members present, the President was prevented by illness from delivering the Address. The paper of Dr. Swanton was therefore taken up. In this communication the writer urged the desirability of preparing and printing a Concordance or tabulated index, in which aboriginal American myths and their elements might be presented in proper order, and with requisite bibliographical information. In the ensuing discussion, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Boas, and others took part. As a result of this comparison of ideas, the following resolution was proposed and adopted:—

I. That it is the desire of the Society that a Concordance of American myths be prepared by the Society.

II. That Dr. Boas (as Chairman), Dr. Swanton, and Dr. Dixon, be constituted a Committee, to carry out at their discretion the object above mentioned, and that they have power to add to their number.

In the evening of Wednesday was held a joint meeting of the Archæological Institute of America, the American Philological Association, and the American Anthropological Association, at Barnes Hall. Professor Thomas Day Seymour, President of the Archæological Institute of America presided. An address of Welcome was delivered by President Schurman of Cornell University. At 9.30 President Schurman held a reception at his residence on the Campus.

BRANCHES OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

FROM the time of its establishment, the American Folk-Lore Society has especially occupied itself with the work of publication. While among its members have been included most American special students known to be concerned with this department of knowledge, it has also welcomed the coöperation of intelligent persons interested in the subject, and inclined, by their contributions and influence, to assist the undertakings of the Society.

Either for purposes of publication or research, the effectiveness of the Society must in a considerable degree depend on its numerical strength and representative character. Experience has shown that in order to secure these advantages local organization is essential. In the past, therefore, the Council has recommended the formation of Branches, which, while connected with the general Society, may also have an independent existence, and may hold monthly or stated meetings of their own. The proceedings of such Branches will naturally assume more latitude than those of the Society; below is printed a list of topics, which, during an existence of more than fifteen years, have been treated in the meetings of a single Branch.

During the past year, the inauguration of an active Branch in California, especially welcome in a field which has still a living unrecorded tradition, has encouraged the Council to believe that the time is favorable for the extension of similar movements. In order to forward such enlargement, the Council has voted to appoint in each State (or other territorial division) a Secretary, who may represent the interests of the American Folk-Lore Society in such a manner as he may esteem judicious and possible. Without expecting any sudden or remarkable results, it is hoped that in each region there may be found a few persons sufficiently interested to form a group of members, by which at least an annual meeting may be held and a report rendered.

The following account will show what beginning has been made in this movement, the progress of which will appear in subsequent numbers of this Journal. Members or other persons who may be disposed to offer advice or suggestions are requested to address the Permanent Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF BRANCHES.

ARIZONA.

Mr. F. A. Golder, Tempe, Arizona, has accepted the position of Secretary for Arizona.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, Bucklands, Abbotsford, will act as Secretary for British Columbia.

CALIFORNIA.

Professor Kroeber, Department of Anthropology, Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco, will act as Secretary for California.

The proceedings of this Branch have above been separately printed. As a part of the proceedings should be considered two papers also above printed, namely, "A Composite Myth of the Pomo Indians," by S. A. Barrett, and "Mythology of the Mission Indians," by Constance Goddard Du Bois.

COLORADO.

Mrs. J. L. McNeil, 930 Logan Ave., Denver, will represent the Society in this State.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Tuesday, November 2, 1905. The first meeting of the Boston Branch during the season 1905-6 consisted in a recital of Scotch and Gaelic Folk-songs by Miss Amy Murray, the entertainment being given for the benefit of the general fund of the Branch. Miss Murray has just returned from the Hebrides, where for two seasons she has spent much time, sharing the primitive life of the people of the islands, and gathering their traditions and songs. At the Highland Mod of 1902 she received a prize for the best rendering of a Gaelic song with clairsach accompaniment. Of the songs that formed her repertoire some were taken from the lips of Father Allan, an indefatigable collector, who has died since Miss Murray's departure, leaving her in possession of a body of song otherwise unrecorded. Her presentation of the melodies was greatly enjoyed by the excellent audience which filled Steinert Hall.

Monday, November 19. The regular meeting was held at the house of Mrs. and Mrs. Otto B. Cole, 551 Boylston St. In the absence of Professor Putnam, Mr. W. W. Newell introduced the speaker of the evening, Professor George H. Chase of Harvard University, who gave an account of "Recent Discoveries in Crete viewed in the

Light of Greek Religion." The address, showing the character of a civilization older than that of Mycenæ, was illustrated with an admirable series of lantern slides. The meeting, as usual, then became informal and social.

Tuesday, January 25. The monthly meeting was held at the College Club House, 40 Commonwealth Ave. The Chairman, Mr. Newell, introduced Mr. Ernest Newton Bagg of Boston, who gave an account of "Some Tunebooks, Psalms, and other Music of the Forefathers." The speaker set forth the characteristics of the early New England taste in this direction, noting dislike for instrumental music in churches, and showed examples of old psalm-books. Mrs. Florence Hartmann, to illustrate the paper, gave a number of songs popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

At the close of the meeting a motion was adopted to send a letter of congratulation to Professor F. W. Putnam, President of the Branch, on his recovery from a recent severe illness.

Cambridge. The meeting of this Branch will be reported in the next issue of this Journal.

The paper of Mr. Percy A. Hutchison, "Sailors' Chanties," above printed, was presented at the February meeting.

MISSOURI.

Professor H. E. Belden, Columbia, professor at the State University, has consented to act as Secretary for Missouri.

NEVADA.

Miss J. E. Wier, Reno, Instructor in the State University, has been appointed Secretary for Nevada.

OHIO.

Cincinnati. The meetings for the year of this Society will receive notice in the next issue of the Journal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dr. George Byron Gordon, Curator of Anthropology, Free Museum of Science and Art (University of Pennsylvania), Philadelphia, will act as Secretary for Pennsylvania.

ADDRESSES AT MEETINGS OF LOCAL BRANCHES.

As examples of the variety of themes likely to present themselves for consideration at these meetings, is given a selection of titles from reports of proceedings in the Boston Branch since its organization in 1889.

Evidences of Ancient Serpent-Worship in America. *F. W. Putnam.*

Omaha Ceremonial Pipes. *Alice C. Fletcher.*

Customs and Tales of the Central Eskimo. *Franz Boas.*

The Literary Games of the Chinese. *Stewart Culin.*

Buddhist Fables. *Charles R. Lanman.*

Negro Sorcery. *Mary A. Owen.*

The Portuguese Element in New England. *H. R. Lang.*

Negro Music. *Charles L. Edwards.*

Hawaiian Folk-Lore. *George P. Bradley.*

Old Time Marriage Customs in New England. *Pamela M. Cole.*

Bantu (African) Folk-Lore. *Heli Chatelain.*

The Street Criers and Venders of London. *W. G. Chase.*

The Shinto Religion of Japan. *N. Kishimoto.*

The Tusayan Cultus of the Dead. *J. Walter Fewkes.*

Icelandic Superstitions. *Sigridr Magnusson.*

The Creole Folk-Lore of Jamaica. *W. C. Bates.*

The Abnaki Indians of New England. *Montague Chamberlain.*

Folk-Song in America. *H. E. Krehbiel.*

The Hand in Folk-Lore. *A. F. Chamberlain.*

Japanese Heraldry. *Michitaro Hisa.*

Decorations upon Pottery of the Mississippi Valley. *W. W. Willoughby.*

Folk-Lore of the Russian Jews in Boston. *Leo Wiener.*

Melodies of Old English Ballads. *W. W. Newell.*

Indian Songs. *Alice C. Fletcher.*

The Hero-poems of Ireland. *F. N. Robinson.*

Traditions of the Aleuts. *F. A. Golder.*

Customs and Superstitions of the Mayas. *Alice Le Plongeon.*

Fireside Stories of the Chippeways. *J. Mackintosh Bell.*

Navaho Sand-paintings. *A. M. Tozzer.*

Dialect Poems illustrating French Canadian Character. *W. H. Drummond.*

The Navaho Blanket, its Weaving and Significance. *G. H. Pepper.*

LOCAL MEETINGS AND PERSONAL NOTICES.

Congratulations to Professor Putnam. During the past two months Professor Putnam has been the recipient of numerous congratulations on the completion of his half century of service with Harvard University.

Professor Putnam was born in 1839, and came to Cambridge in 1856, on the invitation of Louis Agassiz. In his native town, Salem, Mass., he had early turned his attention to scientific pursuits, and when only fourteen years old had been employed by the Essex Institute as Curator of its collections. In 1856, at the age of sixteen years, he prepared a "Catalogue of Birds of Essex County, Mass.," so nearly complete as since to have received only moderate additions. In Cambridge he assisted Professor Agassiz in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, having the title of "Assistant in Charge of Fishes." From 1867 he was led to take an especial interest in American Archæology, and in 1875 became first Acting Curator and then Curator in the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, established by George Peabody in 1866. In 1873 he was made Permanent Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a position which he held for twenty-five years. In 1886 he was made Peabody Professor in Harvard University, and continued to preside over the Museum, on which he had already lavished all his energies. In 1893 he became the Chief of the Department of Ethnology in the Chicago Exposition, and was mainly instrumental in the construction of the Anthropological Building, out of which afterwards grew the Field Columbian Museum. In 1894 he was appointed Curator of the Department of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, New York; and in 1903 resigned this position to accept the professorship of Anthropology in the University of California. In 1888 he assisted in founding the American Folk-Lore Society, and from 1889 has been the President of the Boston Branch of that Society; in 1905 he aided in the formation of the California Branch, of which he is also president.

When Professor Putnam took the direction of the Peabody Museum, and until a period much later, the objects and aims of anthropology were altogether uncomprehended in America, still under the narrow influences of the old-fashioned classical education. It could not then have been imagined that within a few years even special students of Greek and Latin would welcome the new science as furnishing necessary light for their own investigations, or that the methods of anthropology would revolutionize philosophical and theological studies, and give a new meaning to historical inquiries. Pro-

fessor Putnam has outlived this time of miscomprehension ; he has seen this subject, once allowed as a proper part of education, suddenly expand into one of the great Departments of the University, having in the present year almost two hundred students. From the impulse personally given by himself have sprung great museums, in New York, Chicago, and Berkeley, conducted by professors who have come from his school, or been promoted by his influence. This result could not have been achieved without a spirit of generosity, self-sacrifice, and indifference to wealth and worldly position, which offers the most needed of examples. The respect due to such a career should be proportioned to the unjust indifference which marked the earlier stages of its activity ; as an example of and the sincerity with which such feeling is shared by his classical colleagues may be cited the concluding verses of a congratulatory poem from Professor C. R. Lanman of Harvard University :—

The past of a mysterious folk to ken
From grave or shell-heap, pueblo, serpent-mound,
To read a book writ with nor ink nor pen, —
Such was thy task. We see what thou hast found.

Old as the Old World is the New World's face.
Its past no more can wholly hid remain.
For, lo, the romance of a vanished race,
Thou callest back and bidst to live again.

Dr. John H. Hinton. The services of John H. Hinton, for fifteen years Treasurer of the American Folk-Lore Society, have already been acknowledged in this Journal ; but it remains to add facts not accessible when such tribute was penned. Dr. Hinton was born in New York city, January 1, 1827. In 1852 he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and subsequently spent his time in hospital study. In March, 1854, he went to Paris, where he continued to pursue studies in hospitals, and on his return served as hospital surgeon in New York. During the war of the rebellion he was for a period employed as Army Surgeon. In after years he became Visiting Surgeon at the Institution for the Blind, and also belonged to the Surgical Staff of the Presbyterian Hospital. Among the numerous societies of which he was treasurer were the Society for the Aid of the Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, the Pathological Society (for 34 years). In the last named society, as in the American Folk-Lore Society, he held this office until January, 1905.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"BLUE-EYED HAG." In the course of an article on "Some Jewish Folk-Lore from Jerusalem" ("Folk-Lore," 1904, vol. xv, p. 189), Miss A. Goodrich-Freer observes:—

"Referring to Caliban's description of his mother, the witch Sycorax, as that '*blue-eyed hag*,' I ventured to quote the usual gloss that it was an early misprint for '*blear-eyed*,' upon which the well-known Palestinian scholar, the Rev. E. Hanauer, who was present, suggested that, according to Jerusalem ideas, such an emendation was unnecessary, as blue was the color of the Evil Eye, and a mother would dread notice of her children by a blue-eyed stranger more than that of any other."

FOLK-LORE IN "THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA." The monumental "Jewish Encyclopedia," in 12 volumes, 1901-1906, contains a mine of data for the folk-lorist. The topics Folk-Lore (pp. 423-426), Folk-Medicine (pp. 426, 427), Folk-Songs (p. 427), and Folk-Tales (pp. 427, 428) are briefly treated in the eighth volume. The other folk-lore topics scattered through the work are:—

Æsop's Fables.	Death, Angel of.	Knots.
Afikomen.	Demonology.	Korah.
Amram.	Dibbukim.	Lag ba'Omer.
Amulet.	Dog.	Lilith.
Ancestor Worship.	Door and Door-Post.	Lots, Books of.
Andreas.	Dragon.	Lulab.
Angelology.	Dreams and Dream	Magic.
Arthur Legend.	Books.	Marriage.
Asmodeus.	Elijah's Chair.	Memory.
Asusa.	Evil Eye.	Messiah.
Baba Buch.	Exorcism.	Mirror.
Ba'al Shem.	Eye.	Mourning.
Barlaam and Josaphat.	Forty.	Mouse.
Bat Kol.	Games.	Nail.
Beard.	Geomancy.	Name, Change of.
Berechiah ha Nakdan.	Giants	Names.
Betrothal.	Golem.	Number.
Bibliomancy.	Habdalah.	Omen.
Blood Accusation.	Hair.	Ordeal.
Burial.	Hand.	Plague.
Cabala.	Hanukkah.	Proverbs.
Cat.	Hosha'na Rabba.	Riddle.
Caucasus.	Host, Desecration of.	Sambatlon.
Childbirth.	Holle Kreish.	Shema'.
Cochin.	Kalilah wa-Dimnah.	Shofar.
Cookery (cakes).	Kapparah-Schlagen.	Shylock.
Cradle Songs.	Kissing.	Sindbad.

Solomon, in Legend	Three Rings.	Wachnacht.
and Folk-Lore.	Tooth.	Wandering Jew.
Superstition.	Tree-Wedding.	Water.
Talisman.	Vampire.	Weather-Lore.
Tashlik.	Vergil.	Witches.
Tekufah Drops.		

FOLK-LORE OF CRIME. Dr. Albert Hellwig, of Köpenick, near Berlin, Germany, has issued a *questionnaire* concerning "criminal superstitions." The *questionnaire*, which appeared in the "Zeitschrift für die gesamte Strafrechtswissenschaft," vol. xxvii (1905), pp. 335-338, is as follows:—

1. Many people believe that a perjurer will not be discovered if he employs certain mystical means; *e. g.* if, in swearing he holds his left arm at his back, turns the palm of the hand raised in swearing towards the judge, mutilates the words of the oath-formula, has sand in his boots, etc. (See on these points the author's detailed article on "Mystische Zeremonien beim Meineid," in the "Gerichtssaal" for 1905.) Are such beliefs known?

2. Do thieves often ease themselves while at the place of robbery? How? Why? Where? Are the excrements covered? Do habitual criminals only do this? Are such terms as "watchman," "night-watchman," "serjeant," "picket," "sentinel," "shepherd," or similar native or foreign terms, applied to human excrements? What is the idea of the folk, the criminals, and the persons who answer this *questionnaire* concerning the meaning of these terms? (See the author's "Einiges über den *grumus merdæ* der Einbrecher" in the "Monatsschrift für Kriminalpsychologie und Strafrechtsreform" for 1905.)

3. Are any superstitions known that could give occasion for theft? (See the author's "Diebstahl aus Aberglauben," in the "Archiv für Kriminalanthropologie und Kriminalistik" for 1905.)

4. Are any superstitions known that could prevent or hinder theft? *e. g.* women with child must not steal because their children would become thieves; one must not steal on certain days or in certain places, or steal certain things, else bad luck would be incurred. (See the author's "Diebstahl verhindernder Aberglaube" in the "Archiv für Kriminalanthropologie.")

5. Is the criminals' superstition known, that in order to prevent discovery one must leave something behind at the place where the crime was committed?

6. What is known about the "religiosity" of criminals? Are "letters from heaven" found among them? Do they go to church? Do they pray? Do they believe in a God? Do they rely on the help of God in their acts, or on that of some special saint? Do they keep consecrated objects for talismans, *e. g.* a candle, the eucharistic wafer, etc.? Do they believe that by confessing they will have an easier means of being absolved again?

7. Does the folk believe that gypsies steal children? Where? Has it really ever happened? (See the author's "Zum Kinderraub durch Zigeuner," in "Die Polizei" for 1905.)

8. Are "the sixth and seventh books of Moses," "the Spiritual Sentinel," "Faust's Spirit-influence," "The Romannsbüchlein," or other like "books of magic," known among the folk? Has the belief of the folk in such worked harm?

9. Are rabbits' paws and beans used as talismans by criminals? Have they any other superstitious use?

10. What popular remedies for epilepsy exist? Is the blood of an executed individual considered specially effective? Is the epileptic thought to be possessed by the devil?

11. Is there any concrete case known where fortune-tellers have done harm, *e. g.* caused suicide, family quarrels, crimes, etc.?

12. Does the belief prevail that women with child must not take oath, lest their children to be born have much to do with the court? Are cases known where, for this reason, evidence has been refused?

13. Does the belief prevail that pederasty, sodomy, or lewd intercourse with children or virgins will heal sexual diseases?

Dr. Hellwig has made the subject of the folk-lore of crime a special study and would be glad to have answers to his *questionnaire*, newspaper items (with exact title, date, place), references to literature of an out-of-the-way sort, and other information sent to him at his address: "Köpenick bei Berlin, Hohenzollernplatz 5, ii."

Reference may also be made here to an article by Dr. Hellwig on "Aberglaube und Strafrecht," in the "Unterhaltungsbeilage zur Täglichen Rundschau" (Berlin), Nr. 220 (19 September, 1905).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

HENRI COUPIN, Docteur ès sciences, Lauréat de l'Institut. *LES BIZARRE-RIES DES RACES HUMAINES*. Paris: Vuibert et Nony, 1905. Pp. 287. With 214 fgs. and map.

This popular presentation of the fads and fancies of mankind traverses a wide field: clay-eaters, insect-dainties, gluttony, cannibals, fire-making without matches, Lilliput land, sports among savages, primitive telephones, hair-dressing, negro music, feasts merry and sanguinary, animal-fights, marriage and nuptial ceremonies, children among the various races, primitive counting, artificial deformation of the body, tattooing, coquetry, arms defensive and offensive, peculiar beliefs, dwellings and houses, greeting and salutation, death and burial.

On page 12 we learn that the edible ants of Brazil are dressed up as little dolls, and on page 246 that the inhabitants of the Cyclades salute each other by throwing water on their heads. Quite a collection of terms for "Good day!" etc., is given on pages 245-248. The Australians (p. 34) declare that while the flesh of the blacks is savory, that of the whites does

not taste at all good. On pages 55-56 reference is made to "le sport pédestre,—le *footing*" among the Opatas, Tarahumari, etc. In the brief section on "Negro music" (pp. 77-85) are given the texts and musical notation of some songs from Samoa (*sic*!). The section on habitations contains (p. 243) appropriately a figure of "les 'gratte-ciel' de New York," the farthest remove from the roofless sleep of the savage. A good index, a thing often absent in French books, is a welcome feature of this volume.

DAS ICH UND DIE SITTlichen IDEEN IM LEBEN DER VÖLKER VON O. FÜLGEL.

Vierte Auflage. Langensalsa: Beyer, 1904. Pp. viii, 270.

This study of the ego and the moral idea in the life of the races of man contains much that is properly folkloric, touching such topics as the following: The ego and the name, personification and mythological conception of nature, the ego as the body, the ego and its environment, the contraction and expansion of the ego, the development of moral ideas (benevolence, etc., sex-customs, killing the old, societies, friend and foe, hospitality, cruelty, slavery), ideas of law, honor, justice, fair play, revenge, wergild, crime and punishment, gratitude, fidelity and truthfulness, primitive art (169-185), cleanliness, modesty, contentment, self-satisfaction, religion (good and evil influence on morality), hermitism, belief in immortality, etc. This book would be more useful with an index, which it entirely lacks.

The treatment of the body of Pope Formosus (described on page 5) in 897 A. D., reveals a concept of personality beneath that of many savages. The identification of image and shadow with the individuals is still known to the folk-lore of civilized lands, and the cult of relics adds clothing, implements, etc., after death. The separation of the living property of the deceased from himself comes late with some savage tribes (*e. g.* in Africa). The name, as Goethe said, is more a part of the individual than clothing to be worn, it is rather a skin grown about and over him.

DIE HEILGÖTTER UND HEILSTÄTTEN DES ALTERTUMS. Eine archäologisch-medizinische Studie von Dr. LUDWIG HOFF. Tübingen: Pietzcker, 1904.

Pp. 69.

The first section (pp. 2-57) of this monograph treats of ancient sacerdotal and folk places of cure in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, Arabia, India, Japan, Egypt, Greece, among the Etruscans, Romans, Kelts, Germans; the second (pp. 57-68) of hospitals, properly so-called, among the Buddhists (Ceylon, India, Cashmir), Jews, Greeks, Roman-Byzantines, etc. A bibliography of 22 titles is given on page 69. With the priests figuring as "medicine-men" in the early history of mankind, it is natural that the first places of cure should have arisen within the limits of the sanctuaries of the "curing" gods, temples, sacred groves, etc. Water and fire, streams and springs, cold and hot, led to curative cults of divers sorts. Although toward the close of the heathen age the merciful spirit of early Christianity called into being hospitals and houses for the sick of a high type, the assertion of Dietrich and others, that proper hospital-care of the sick dates only from the beginning of the Christian era, is contrary to the facts. Its incorrectness is shown by the existence of the old Buddhistic hospitals in

Ceylon, India, Cashmir, the *iatria* of the Greek Asclepiads, the institutions for the care of the sick founded in Rome by Antoninus Pius, etc. In Mesopotamia Marduk, in Greece Apollo and Æsculapius, in Egypt Imhotep were famous healing divinities, whose temples and sanctuaries were often in connection with springs (cold, warm, mineral) of curative reputation. The Romans seem to have had almost a special sense for the discovery of "baths," as the topography of Britain, continental Europe, northern Africa, and Roman Asia abundantly testifies. The Roman "hospitals," as their names indicate, were of Græco-Byzantine origin.

DAS PFERD IM ARISCHEN ALTERTUM VON JULIUS VON NEGELEIN. Königsberg i. Pr.: Grafe & Unzer, 1903. Pp. xxxvii, 179.

This little book, with two good indexes (persons and subjects) and a bibliography (pp. xxix-xxxvii) of 262 entries, treats of the horse in Aryan antiquity under the following heads: Horse and man (horse and rider, horse in war, the white horse), horse as deity (as symbol of thunder and lightning, wind, water), horse in cult (purpose and idea of sacrifice of the horse, the Hindu horse-sacrifice and the horse-sacrifice of other ancient peoples, the horse as grave-gift). In the introduction (pp. xv-xxviii) he sketches the history of the horse, pointing out the various stages of his relation to man, the folk-observation of his place-sense (the Chinese credited the horse with "night eyes"), his eye, his ear (used as an oracle, etc.). The inseparability of horse and man is reflected in the old Greek conception of the centaur. Scarcely a part or organ of the horse but has served some rôle in medicine, sacrifice, or augury. The "pious" relationship between man and the horse appears in ancient religion and modern folklore. The sons of the steppe were nourished on mare's milk. Horses speak, have proper names and other human attributes, are pathfinders in this world and in that to come. The "white horse" has a lore of its own, solar and otherwise. With several ancient peoples the horse was symbolic of thunder and lightning, — the horseshoe is so even now in some regions of the globe. He was also "the king of swiftness," the very winds themselves. Many times he was fabled to be seaborne, son or brother of the waters, — his footprints (like those of Pegasus) caused springs and fountains to arise. With many peoples the sacrificial horse was bound up with war and its cult. Often he substituted human sacrifice. Hindu horse-sacrifice may be a survival from the nomadic period. The idea of the personality of the horse is still present in modern civilization, — folk-lore boasts a "horse heaven," and others than the ignorant ask, "Has the horse a soul?"

Dr. von Negelein's monograph deserves careful reading by all interested in the creature so aptly designated by the great English naturalist, "our equine colleague, the horse."

DER PFLUG UND DAS PFLÜGEN BEI DEN RÖMERN UND IN MITTELEUROPA IN VORGESCHICHTLICHER ZEIT. Eine vergleichende agrargeschichtliche, kulturgeschichtliche und archäologische Studie zugleich als ein Beitrag

zur Besiedelungsgeschichte von Nassau von H. BEHLEN. Dillenberg: Weidenbach, 1904. Pp. xvi, 192.

After a brief general introduction and a somewhat detailed discussion of views as to the nature of the old Roman plough and the differences between it and the old German plough (pp. 9-30), the author considers in succession: The Roman plough and Roman ploughing in comparison with German (pp. 31-72), archæology of the plough and ploughing (pictures of the plough of the bronze age; prehistoric ploughs of wood; prehistoric ploughshares, etc., of bronze, iron; prehistoric relics of ploughing in the so-called "Hoch-äcker" of Bavaria-Swabia; prehistoric traces of iron ploughshare points on stones, — "Pflugschrammen"). In an Addendum some later literature is discussed, particularly Sophus Müller's *Charre, joug et mors* (1902). A good index, abundant bibliographical references, and a list (p. ix) of principal authorities cited add to the value of this monograph. Behlen is of opinion that agriculture had already reached a high stage of development in Germany in the La Tène period, which was seriously interfered with in the time of the great migrations; also the La Tène culture was not at all specifically Celtic, but represented rather a phase of development involving a great part, or perhaps the whole of the culture-world of the time. The mother of the La Tène age was the Hallstatt period. The La Tène and Roman coulter (this makes a plough a plough) proves the use of an implement corresponding to the modern one. That the ancient Romans had a plough and not a "hook," Behlen believes, in opposition to Meitzen, who contrasts the Roman "hook" and the German plough. Interesting discussions of the Roman words for the plough and its parts, ploughing and its varieties, are included. This book is a little *tendenziiös*, but contains much useful information.

DIE ANFANGE DER ANATOMIE BEI DEN ALTEN KULTURVÖLKERN. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Anatomie von Dr. LUDWIG HOPF. Breslau: Müller, 1904, pp. vii, 126.

The two sections of this interesting monograph treat respectively of primitive lay anatomy (oldest names of the parts of the body, the anatomy of the kitchen and of sacrifice, omen and augury anatomy, primitive anatomical figures, — parts of the body in pictography of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt, pictorial representations of omen anatomy and pictures of parts of the human body as votive gifts, — continuance in Catholic Germany and Austria, — and the beginnings of a scientific anatomy among the nations of antiquity and in the Middle Ages (Mondino de Lincci (1275-1326) was the first since the Alexandrine period to dare to dissect human bodies for the purpose of anatomical demonstration). Scientific anatomy proper dates from Vesalius (b. 1514), whose *De corporis humani fabrica libr. septem* was published at Bâle in 1543. The very first steps of anatomy are taken when each people (as the child does now, after its experimentation) coins its own names for the various parts of the body (the author lists and discusses with some detail the Indo-European terms for these). A sort of specialism in "anatomy" arose in the "kitchen," where the animals and birds slain in

the chase were skilfully carved and prepared for the table, — the slaying of domestic animals also contributed something in the way of reaching vital spots for the death-stroke. Cannibalism among men, too, was not without its bearing upon primitive anatomical knowledge, — so, likewise, sacrificial rites and feasts with their sacred morsels and titbits (particularly the internal organs, etc.). Sacrifice at the altar and the careful observation in omen and augury of birds and animals led to more knowledge of the internal anatomy of numerous creatures. In Egyptian pictography the heart was represented as an urn, while the lungs were six-lobed. The votive gifts in the form of parts of the human body or its organs cover almost the whole field of expression. Their survival to-day may be read of in Andree's recent work on votive gifts.

DIE ALTENGLISCHEN KLEIDERNAMEN. Eine kultur-geschichtlich-etymologische Untersuchung. Inaugural-Dissertation zur Erlangung der Doktorwürde der hohen philosophischen Fakultät der Ruprecht-Karls-Universität zu Heidelberg vorgelegt von LILLY L. STROEBE aus Karlsruhe i. B. Borna-Leipzig: Noske, 1904, pp. viii, 87.

The first part of this dissertation on Old English clothing-names treats briefly of sources of information (Roman authors, bog-finds and excavations, Anglo-Saxon literary remains and MS. illustration), influence of foreign fashions on Anglo-Saxon dress, stuffs, and colors, dress of men and women, ornament, the second contains an alphabetical list (pp. 21-70) of the names of the individual articles of dress, and another of the names for clothing in general (pp. 71-84) with etymological notes and citation of authorities. The former list embraces 60 main-words and the latter 10. Of Latin origin are the following terms: belt (*balteus*), calc (*calceus*), cāsul (*casula*), cāp (*capa*), cuffie (*cuphia*), mentel (*mantellum*), ovel (*ovarium*), pæll (*pallium*), pilece (*pellicia*), tunece (*tunica*). Out of modern English have passed: basing, calc, cāsul (now *chasuble*), crusne, cuffie, cugele, fæs, feax-net, fnæd, haccle (dial. *hackle* survives), hære, heden, hemethe, hūfe, hwitel (dial. *whittle*), lotha, mēo, nostle (dial. *nosle*), oferbrædels, rēowe (Mod. Eng. *rug* is Scand.), rifeling, rift, rocc, scičcing, strapul, swiftlere, twæle (cogn. is *towel* from Teutonic through French), underwrædel, wæfels, wining, wloh, wrigels. Of the general terms for clothing we no longer know gierala (but cf. *gear*), ham and hama, hāteru, hrægl (obs. *raïl*), rēaf (cogn. is *robe* from Teutonic through French), — wæd survives in "widow's weeds." The Anglo-Saxons knew also *silk* (*seolc*, side) and "purple" (*pæll*), while a fine and costly stuff for display was called *godwebb*. Interesting terms are *wurmfah* and *weolcenread*.

A. F. C.

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VISAYAN FOLK-TALES. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE stories are intended to bring before the American public a few of the tales related by Visayan parents to their children, or by the public story-teller in the market, as the people gather to buy the material for the evening meal. It was only toward the close of a three years' stay in the Islands, in one province, and in neighboring places, and after a fair acquaintance with Spanish and a little knowledge of the native dialect had enabled us to obtain a closer insight into the home life of our pupils than would otherwise have been possible, that we ventured upon the collection of these tales, hoping that they might prove of interest to people at home. Many of the stories were written by our boys and girls as part of their work in English composition. Others were prepared by the native teachers, some of whom had been well educated by the Spaniards and had already learned to write very fair English. Indeed, a few were able, at about the time that these stories were written, to pass the civil service examination for appointment as insular teachers. The articles on the superstitious beliefs of the people were prepared by one of these teachers, so that they might be as nearly correct as possible.

As might be expected, the stories are often very crude and simple, presenting no difficult situations nor intricate plots. Sometimes they resemble well-known tales from other lands, although great care has been taken to collect only those from original sources.

The tales here presented were collected during the spring of 1904, in the island of Panay, belonging to the Visayan group of the Philippine Islands, and were obtained in our own class rooms, from native teachers and pupils. Mr. Maxfield was stationed at Iloilo, and Mr. Millington at Mandurriao, places five miles apart. We daily came in contact with about one thousand pupils. The tales were gathered in both places, and were found to be substantially alike, the differences being only in petty details. After collecting one version, we endeavored to ascertain whether the same narrative was

current among natives in other localities of the island. We were surprised to discover that they seemed to be known wherever we became acquainted with the people and had obtained their confidence sufficiently to induce them to talk freely. There were often variations, but the framework was always the same. If any stories were obtained from native teachers who knew Spanish, we have always verified them by getting children or natives from other places, who knew no Spanish, to relate them, in order to assure ourselves that the narrative could not be a mere translation of a Spanish tale.

We who have collected these stories can claim little credit for any more than the mere arrangement of them, as, so far as possible, even the wording of the original manuscripts has been retained. Doubtless, much of the interest we have felt in the work is due to our personal acquaintance with the writers who put on paper for us these simple tales, yet we hope that they will not be wholly unattractive to those for whose sake they have been collected.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

B. L. M.

W. H. M.

HOW JACKYO BECAME RICH.

A long time ago there was a young man whose name was Jackyo. He was very poor, and by his daily labor could earn barely enough for his food and nothing at all for his clothes. He had a little farm at some distance from the village in which he lived, and on it raised a few poor crops.

One pleasant afternoon Jackyo started off to visit his farm. It was late when he reached it, and after he had finished inspecting his crops, he turned back homewards. But the bright day had gone and the sun had set. Night came on quickly, and the way was dark and lonely.

At last he could no longer see the road. Not a star was to be seen, and the only sounds he heard were the sad twitterings of the birds and soft rustling of the leaves as they were moved by the wind.

At last he entered a thick forest where the trees were very big. "What if I should meet some wild beast," thought Jackyo; but he added half aloud, "I must learn to be brave and face every danger."

It was not long before he was very sure that he could hear a deep roar. His heart beat fast, but he walked steadily forward, and soon the roar was repeated, this time nearer and more distinctly, and he saw in the dim light a great wild ox coming towards him.

He found a large hole in the trunk of a huge tree. "I will pass the night here in this tree," he said to himself.

In a little while an old man appeared. His body was covered with coarse hair and he was very ugly. He looked fiercely at Jackyo from head to foot and said: "What are you thinking of to come in here? Do you not know that this is the royal castle of the king of evil spirits?"

Jackyo became more frightened than before and for a long time he could not speak, but at last he stammered: "Excuse me, sir, but I cannot go home on account of the dark night. I pray you to let me rest here for a short time."

"I cannot let you stay here, because our king is not willing to help any one who does not belong to his kingdom. If he did so, his kingdom would be lost. But what is your name? Do you know how to sing?" said the old man.

"My name is Jackyo, and I know a little bit about singing," replied Jackyo.

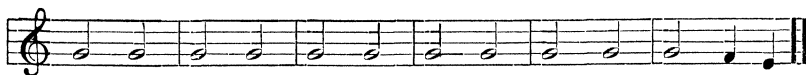
"Well," said the old man, "if you know any song, sing for me."

Now Jackyo knew but one song, and that was about the names of the days of the week except Sunday. He did not like to sing it, but the old man urged him, saying: "If you do not sing, I will cut your head off." So Jackyo began to sing.

It happened that the king¹ of the evil spirits, whose name was Mensaya, heard Jackyo's song and was very much interested in it. He called a servant, named Macquil, and said: "Macquil, go downstairs and see who is singing down there, and when you find him, bring him to me."

Jackyo went before the king, bowed to the floor, touching the carpet with his forehead, and stood humbly before the king.

"Let me hear your song," said the king. So Jackyo, with great respect, sang the only song he knew. Here it is:—



Mon - day, Tues - day, Wednesday, Thurs - day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day.

While he was singing, all the evil spirits in the cave gathered around him to hear his song, and Mensaya asked him to sing it over and over again. They were all so pleased with it that Mensaya ordered Macquil to give Jackyo a large quantity of gold and silver as a reward for his beautiful song.

¹ The word here translated "king" is hardly satisfactory, but perhaps nothing better can be substituted. Of course the idea "king" has crept in since the Spanish conquest. "Datto" or "chief" might be more satisfactory. What is really meant, however, is nothing exactly imaged by these words, but rather a sort of "head-man," a man more prominent and powerful than others.

When the morning came Jackyo returned home, full of joy, and became known as the richest man in the village.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

One day Truth started for the city to find some work. On his way he overtook Falsehood, who was going to the city for the same purpose. Falsehood asked permission to ride on the horse with Truth, and his request was granted.

On the way they questioned each other as to the sort of work they wanted. Truth stated that he intended to be a secretary, so that he might always be clean and white. Falsehood declared that he would be a cook, because then he would always have plenty of fine things to eat.

As they were riding along, they met a man carrying a corpse to the cemetery. He had no one to help him, and Truth, in his great pity for the man, jumped off his horse and helped him. After the corpse was buried, Truth asked: "Did you pray for the repose of the soul of the dead?" "No," was the reply, "I do not know how to pray, and I have no money to pay the priest for candles." Then Truth gave the man all the money he had, that he might have prayers said for the dead man, and went back to his companion.

When dinner time came, Falsehood was very angry at finding out that Truth had given all his money away, but finally proposed that they should go to the river and catch some fish for dinner. When they arrived at the river, they found some fish which had been caught in a shallow pool near the bank, and caught all they wanted. But Truth was very sorry for the fish, and threw his half back into the river. Falsehood murmured at him and said: "It would have been better for you to give them to me. If I had known that you would throw them into the river, I would not have given you any of them."

Then they rode on. As they were going through a thick wood in the heart of the mountain they heard a noise as of crying, far away. Truth went forward to find what it was, but Falsehood, trembling with fear, hid himself close behind his comrade. At last they saw seven little eagles in a nest high in a tree. They were crying with hunger, and their mother was nowhere to be seen. Truth was sorry for them, and killed his horse, giving some of the meat to the young eagles, and spreading the rest on the ground beneath the tree, so that the mother-bird might find it.

Falsehood hated his comrade for having killed the horse, because now they were obliged to travel on foot. They went down the mountain, and entering the city, presented themselves before the king, desiring to be taken into his service, the one as secretary and the other as cook. The king granted both requests.

When Falsehood saw that his former companion sat at the table with the king and was always clean and dressed in good clothes, while he himself was dirty and had to eat in the kitchen, he was very angry and determined to do something to ruin the one whom now he hated so bitterly.

One day the king and queen went to sail on the sea. As they were far from land, the queen dropped her ring overboard. When Falsehood heard of the accident, he went to the king and said: "My Lord, the King, my friend — your secretary — has told me that he was endowed with magic powers and is able to find the queen's ring. He says if he does not find it he is willing for you to hang him."

The king immediately sent for Truth, and said to him: "Find the queen's ring without delay, or I will have you hanged early to-morrow morning."

Truth went down to the shore, but seeing how impossible it would be to find the ring, began to weep. A fish came near, and floating on top of the water, asked, "Why are you weeping?"

"I weep," Truth replied, "because the king will hang me early to-morrow morning unless I find the queen's ring, which has fallen into the sea."

The fish swam out and got the ring and gave it to Truth. Then he said: "I am one of the fishes which you found on the bank of the river and threw back into the water. As you helped me when I was in trouble, I am very glad that I have been able to help you now."

On another day, Falsehood went to the king and said: "My Lord King, do you remember what I told you the other day?"

"Yes," replied the king, "and I believe you told me the truth, as the ring has been found."

"Well," replied Falsehood, "my friend told me last night that he is a great magician and that he is willing for you to hang him in the sight of all the people, since it will not hurt him."

The king sent for Truth and told him: "I know what you have said to your friend. To-morrow I will have you hanged in the sight of all the people, and we will see whether you are the great magician you claim to be."

That night Truth could not sleep. About midnight, as he was in great distress, a spirit suddenly appeared to him and asked what was the cause of his grief. Truth related his trouble, and the spirit said: "Do not weep. To-morrow morning I will take your form and wear your clothes, and let them hang me."

The next morning, just at dawn, the spirit put on Truth's clothes and went out to be hanged. Many people came to see the hanging, and after it was over, returned to their homes. What was the aston-

ishment of the king and those with him when, upon their return to the palace, they found Truth there before them, alive and well !

That night the spirit appeared to Truth and said : " I am the spirit of the dead man for whom you gave your money that prayers might be said for the repose of his soul." Then it disappeared.

On another day Falsehood appeared before the king, and said : " My Lord the King, my friend the secretary told me last night that if you would let him marry your daughter, in one night his wife should bring forth three children." The king sent for Truth and said : " I will give you my daughter to be your wife and if to-night she does not bear three children, I will have you buried alive to-morrow morning."

So they were married. But at midnight, as Truth lay awake thinking of the fate that was in store for him in the morning, an eagle flew through the window, and asked the cause of his sorrow. Truth related his tale, and the eagle said : " Do not worry ; I will take care of that." Then he flew away, but just before the break of day three eagles came, each bearing a new-born babe. Truth awakened the princess and said to her : " My dear wife, these are our children. We must love them and take good care of them."

Then the king, who had been awakened by the noise of children crying, sent to ask what it was all about. When he heard the news he came into the tower where the princess was, and when he saw the children he was overcome with joy ; for he had no sons, and greatly desired to have an heir to his throne. So the king made a great feast and gave over his crown and sceptre to his son-in-law, to be king in his stead.

Thus we see that those who help others when in trouble shall themselves be aided when they are in difficulty.

CAMANLA AND PAROTPOT.

Camanla was a very poor but very busy man, and always praising his own work. When he talked with other people he ended every third or fourth word with " la," which was the last syllable of his name and is a word of praise.

One day he made a boat, and when it was finished he began to talk to it. These were his words : " My boat, la, you may go, la, to find a pretty lady, la, for my wife, la, to make me happy, la." Then his boat started to sail without anybody to manage it. When she reached a large town she stopped in the river, near where the pretty daughters of some rich men of the town were taking a walk. They were accustomed to take any boat they might find and use it when they wished to cross the river, returning in the same way.

As Camanla's boat was there and looked very fine, the young ladies

decided to cross the river in it. The youngest was the first to jump into the boat. When the little boat felt that some one had come on board, she ran away, carrying the lady.

When Camanla saw his boat coming, he began to praise it, saying: "My boat, la, is coming, la, to bring me, la, my pretty lady, to marry me, la." Very soon the boat anchored, and he went down to receive the lady, whom he soon married. Then was Camanla happy, but one day he had no food to give his wife, so he made a little taon, or fish trap, and said to it: "My pretty taon, la, you may go, la, to the river, la, to get me some fish, la." The taon then walked toward the river, and soon came back, full of fish. Camanla was an object of envy to all the world.

His happiness was soon heard of by his friend Parotpot, who became very envious. At last he went to Camanla's house. When he met his friend, he said to him: "You are very happy, my friend, and I envy you." Camanla replied: "Yes, I am very fortunate. I have my little boat that sails every day to get my food, and a little taon that goes to the river and brings me fine fish."

Parotpot returned sadly home. He concluded to build a boat like his friend's, but Parotpot, when he talked, ended every third or fourth word with "pot," (pronounced pō) the ending of his name: This word has a scornful meaning. When the boat was finished, he began to talk to it as follows: "My boat, pot, you may go, pot, to find me a wife, pot, prettier than my friend's wife, pot." The boat sailed away, and reached a large river, just as some men were looking for a boat to take across the body of their grandmother, in order to bury it in the cemetery of the town. When they saw the boat they were glad to get across the river so easily, so they lifted the body and placed it in the boat. When the boat felt that something was on board, she sailed swiftly towards home, leaving the men behind. Parotpot was watching, and when he saw the boat coming, he began to talk thus: "My boat, pot, is coming, pot, to bring me, pot, a pretty lady, pot, to marry me, pot." But, alas! a dead grandmother, instead of a pretty lady! He was so angry that he seized his bolo and chopped the boat to pieces, leaving the body to float away.

But Parotpot thought that he might succeed better with a fish-trap, like his friend Camanla's. When he had finished it, he sent it to the river, saying: "My taon, pot, go now to the river, pot, and catch many fishes, pot, for my dinner, pot." The taon went. It was Sunday and the people of the town were killing cattle for their Sunday dinner, and throwing the waste into the river. All this filth floated into the taon and filled it. Then it ran back home. While the taon had been gone, Parotpot had been making preparations for a great dinner. He cooked the rice and washed the dishes, and then invited

his friends to come to his house and share his excellent dinner. When he saw the taon coming, he said: "My taon, pot, is coming now, pot, to bring me many fine fish, pot, for my dinner, pot." When his neighbors saw what was in the taon, they laughed, and Parotpot said: "I can never be as happy as my friend Camanla." Then he took the taon and threw it into the fire.

JUAN, THE STUDENT.

There was once a poor couple who lived happily in a quiet place. They had one son, named Juan, whom at first they loved very much; but afterwards, either because their extreme poverty made it difficult for them to support him, or because of his wickedness and waywardness, they began to hate him, and made plans to kill him.

In order to carry out this purpose, the father called his son to him one evening, and said: "My son, to-morrow we will go to the mountain to get some lumber with which to repair our house. I want you to prepare our breakfast very early, so that we may set out before the sun rises."

On the next morning they arose very early and ate their breakfast. As it consisted only of rice and a few small fishes, it was soon finished, and they set out for the mountain. When they had arrived at a lonely spot, the man seized his son and fastened him to a large tree. Then he took his bolo and cut down the tree in such a way as to cause it to fall on the boy and kill him. Then he returned home, thinking that he should have no more trouble on account of his son.

Early the next morning, the man heard a noise as of some one approaching the house. On opening a window he perceived his son, whom he supposed he had killed on the previous day, coming towards the house and bearing a heavy load of wood. When the boy had come near he asked where he should put the wood. At first the father was too much frightened to reply, but at last he told his son to put the wood down near the house.

For a long time Juan lived at home, but his parents hated him continually, and at last decided to give him poison. One day they sent him on a long trip, giving him seven pieces of poisoned bread for his food along the way. When he had become weary and hungry from walking, he sat down under a tree and began to open the handkerchief to get from it some of the bread to eat. Suddenly a number of crows flew down from the tree, seized the bread, ate it, and almost immediately died. The boy at once perceived the intention of his parents and returned home. As soon as he arrived there, he declared to his father and mother his intention of leaving them and going elsewhere to live. As soon as they heard him, they were full of joy, and readily gave him the desired permission.

He went to a distant town, and decided to study. He made such progress that his teachers were charmed with his diligence. He was very fond of debates with his schoolmates, and one day asked them the following riddle: "Two tried to kill one, one killed seven, two were left, and one went away." They searched through the books for the answer to the riddle, but as they were unable to find it, they agreed that Juan was the cleverest one among them, since they could not answer his riddle.

One day the student met a young lady to whom he gave the riddle. She asked for a little time in which to study it, and this being granted, went home, disguised herself as a young man and, returning, asked Juan to tell the answer to the riddle. "For I know," she said, "that many students have tried to find the solution of this riddle, but have not been successful." Juan finally granted her request, and told her the answer to the riddle, which was the story of his life.

Then the young lady returned home, put on her own clothes, and went back to the student's house, to give him the answer to his riddle. When Juan heard her answer, he thought her a very clever young woman, since she had succeeded where so many young men had failed, so he fell in love with the young lady and married her.

THE TWO WIVES AND THE WITCH.

There was once a man who had a wife that was not pretty. He became tired of looking at her, and so went away and married another wife.

His first wife was in great sorrow, and wept every day. One day as she was crying by the well, where she had gone for water, a woman asked her: "Why are you weeping?" The wife answered: "Because my husband has left me and gone to live with another wife." "Why?" said the witch, for that is what the woman was.

"Because I have not a pretty face," answered the wife. While she was talking the witch touched the wife's face, and then she said: "I cannot stay here any longer," and went off.

When the wife reached home she looked in the glass and saw that her face had been changed until it was the most beautiful in the town. Very soon a rumor spread through the town that in such and such a house there was living a very beautiful woman. Many young men went to see the pretty woman, and all were pleased with her beauty.

The bad husband went also. He was astonished that his wife was not at home, and that a pretty woman was living there alone. He bowed to the lady and avowed his love. The lady at first refused to believe him, and said: "If you will leave the woman who is now your wife and come to live with me right along I will take you for

my husband." The man agreed, and went to live with the pretty woman.

The other woman was very angry when she heard the news, for it was reported that the pretty woman was the man's first wife, who had been changed by a witch. She determined to try what the witch could do for her, and went to get water at the same well.

The witch appeared and asked: "Why are you weeping, my good woman?" The woman told her that her husband had gone away to live with the pretty woman. As she was speaking, the witch touched her face, and said: "Go home, my good woman, and do not weep, for your husband will come very soon to see you."

When she heard this she ran home as fast as she could. All the people whom she met on the road were afraid of her, because she was so ugly. Her nose was about two feet long, her ears looked like large handkerchiefs, and her eyes were as big as saucers. Nobody recognized her, not even her mother. All were afraid of such a creature. When she saw in the glass how ugly she was, she refused to eat, and in a few days she died.

THE LIVING HEAD.

There once lived a man and his wife who had no children. They earnestly desired to have a son, so they prayed to their God, Diva, that he would give them a son, even if it were only a head.

Diva pitied them, and gave them a head for a son. Head, for that was his name, grew up, and gradually his father and mother ceased to think of his misfortune, and grew to love him very much.

One day Head saw the chief's daughter pass the house, and fell in love with her. "Mother," he said, "I am in love with the chief's daughter and wish to marry her. Go now, I pray you, to the chief and ask him to give me his daughter to be my wife." "Dear Head," answered his mother, "it is of no use to go on such an errand, the chief's daughter will surely not be willing to marry only a head." But Head insisted, so, in order to quiet him, his mother went to the chief and made known her son's desire. Of course she met with a refusal, and returned home and told Head the result of her errand.

Head went downstairs into the garden and began to sink into the ground.

"Head, come up," said his mother, "and let us eat."

"Sink! sink! sink!" cried Head.

"Head, come up and let us eat!" repeated his mother.

"Sink! sink! sink!" was Head's answer, and he continued to sink until he could no longer be seen. His mother tried in vain to take him out. After a while a tree sprang up just where Head had sunk,

and in a short time it bore large, round fruit, almost as large as a child's head. This is the origin of the orange-tree.

JUAN PUSONG.

The Visayans tell many stories which have as their hero Juan Pusong, or Tricky John. As the name implies, he is represented as being deceitful and dishonest, sometimes very cunning, and, in some of the stories told of him, endowed with miraculous power. The stories are very simple and of not very great excellence. The few which follow will serve as samples of the narratives told of this popular hero.

I. Juan Pusong was a lazy boy. Neither punishment nor the offer of a reward could induce him to go to school, but in school-time he was always to be found on the plaza, playing with the other boys.

His mother, however, believed him to be in school, and each day prepared some dainty for him to eat upon his return home. Juan was not satisfied with deceiving his mother in this way, but used to play tricks on her.

"Mother," he said, one day, "I have already learned to be a seer and to discover what is hidden. This afternoon when I come home from school I will foretell what you have prepared for me."

"Will you?" said his mother joyfully, for she believed all he said, "I will try to prepare something new and you will not be able to guess it."

"I shall, mother, I shall, let it be whatever it may," answered Juan.

When it was time to go to school, Juan pretended to set out, but instead he climbed a tree which stood near the kitchen, and hiding himself among the leaves, watched through the window all that his mother did.

His mother baked a bibingca, or cake made of rice and sweet potato, and hid it in a jar. "I will bet anything," she said, "that my son will not guess what it is." Juan laughed at his mother's self-conceit. When it was time for school to close he got down, and with a book in his hand, as though he had really come from school, appeared before his mother and said: "Mother, I know what you are keeping for me."

"What is it?" asked his mother.

"The prophecy that I have just learned at school says that there is a bibingca hidden in the olla." The mother became motionless with surprise. "Is it possible?" she asked herself, "my son is indeed a seer. I am going to spread it abroad. My son is a seer."

The news was spread far and wide and many people came to make trial of Pusong's powers. In these he was always successful, thanks to his ability to cheat.

II. One day a ship was anchored in the harbor. She had come

from a distant island. Her captain had heard of Pusong's power and wished to try him. The trial consisted in foretelling how many seeds the oranges with which his vessel was loaded contained. He promised to give Juan a great quantity of money if he could do this.

Pusong asked for a day's time. That night he swam out to the vessel, and, hidden in the water under the ship's stern, listened to the conversation of the crew. Luckily they were talking about this very matter of the oranges, and one of them inquired of the captain what kind of oranges he had.

"My friend," said the captain, "these oranges are different from any in this country, for each contains but one seed."

Pusong had learned all that he needed to know, so he swam back to the shore, and the next morning announced that he was ready for trial.

Many people had assembled to hear the great seer. Pusong continued to read in his book, as though it was the source of his information. The hour agreed upon struck, and the captain of the vessel handed an orange to Juan and said: "Mr. Pusong, you may tell us how many seeds this orange contains."

Pusong took the orange and smelled it. Then he opened his book and after a while said: "This orange you have presented me with contains but one seed."

The orange was cut and but the one seed found in it, so Pusong was paid the money. Of course he obtained a great reputation throughout the country, and became very rich.

III. Juan Pusong's father drove his cows out one day to pasture. Juan slipped secretly from the house, and going to the pasture, took the cows into the forest and tied them there. When his father was going for the cows he met Juan and asked: "Where did you come from?" The boy replied: "I have just come from school. What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for our cows," said his father.

"Why did n't you tell me that before," asked Juan. "Wait a minute," and he took his little book from his pocket and, looking into it, said: "Our cows are in such a place in the forest, tied together. Go and get them." So his father went to the place where Juan said the cows were and found them. Afterwards it was discovered that Juan could not read even his own name, so his father beat him for the trick he had played.

IV. *Pusong and Tabloc-laii.* Pusong had transgressed the law, and was for this reason put into a cage to be in a short time submerged with it into the sea.

Tabloc-laii, a friend of Pusong's, passed by and saw him in the cage.

"What are you there for?" Tabloc-laii asked.

"Oh!" answered Pusong, "I am a prisoner here, as you see, because the chief wants me to marry his daughter and I don't want to do it. I am to stay here until I consent."

"What a fool you are!" said Tabloc-laiui. "The chief's daughter is pretty, and I am surprised that you are not willing to marry her."

"Hear me, Tabloc-laiui!" said the prisoner. "If you want to marry the chief's daughter, let me out and get in here in my place; for tomorrow they will come and ask you if you will consent. Then you will be married at once."

"I am willing!" exclaimed Tabloc-laiui. "Get out and I will take your place!"

Next morning the chief ordered his soldiers to take the cage with the prisoner to the sea and submerge it in the water.

Tabloc-laiui, on seeing the soldiers coming toward him, thought they would make inquiries of him as Pusong had said.

"I am ready now," he said, "I am ready to be the princess's husband."

"Is this crazy fellow raving?" asked the soldiers. "We are ordered to take you and submerge you in the sea."

"But," objected Tabloc-laiui, "I am ready now to marry the chief's daughter."

He was carried to the sea and plunged into the water, in spite of his crying, "I am not Pusong! I am Tabloc-laiui!"

The next week the chief was in his boat, going from one fish-trap to another, to inspect them. Pusong swam out to the boat.

The chief, on seeing him, wondered, for he believed that Pusong was dead. "How is this?" he asked. "Did you not drown last week?"

"By no means. I sank to the bottom, but I found that there was no water there. There is another world where the dead live again. I saw your father and he charged me to bid you go to him, and afterwards you will be able to come back here, if you wish to do so."

"Is that really true, Pusong?" asked the chief.

"Yes, it is really true," was the reply.

"Well, I will go there. I will have a cage made and go through the way you did."

So the next morning the chief was submerged in the water, with the hope of coming back. When a considerable time had elapsed without seeing his return, his servants searched for Pusong, in order to punish him, but he had escaped to the mountains.

V. *The Enchanted Prince.* There was once a king who had three young and beautiful daughters named Isabel, Catalina, and Maria.

In the capital city of the kingdom lived a young man known by the name of Juan Pusong. He had as friends an ape, named Amomongo, and a wildcat, whose name was Singalong. The three friends

were passing one day in front of the palace, and, seeing the three young ladies, were greatly charmed by their beauty.

Pusong, who posed as a young aristocrat of considerable learning, determined to go before the king and declare his love for the Princess Isabel. The king received him favorably, and offered him a seat ; but Juan refused to sit down until he should know the result of his request.

The king was astonished at his manner, and asked him what he wanted. Juan replied that he had presumptuously allowed himself to be charmed by the beauty of the Princess Isabel, and humbly requested the king's consent to their marriage. The king had the princess summoned before him, and in the presence of Pusong asked her if she would accept this man as her husband. She dutifully expressed her willingness to do whatever her father wished, so the king granted the request of Pusong, who was immediately married to Isabel.

When Amo-Mongo saw how successful Pusong had been, he presented himself before the king, as his friend had done, and requested the hand of the Princess Catalina. The king, somewhat unwillingly, gave his consent, and these two were also married.

When Singalong saw to what high positions his friends had attained, he became desirous of like fortune, so he went to the king and obtained his consent to his marriage with the Princess Maria.

All three of the king's sons-in-law lived with their wives at the palace, at the king's expense. The latter seeing that his daughters' husbands were lazy fellows, determined to make them useful, so he sent Pusong and Amo-Mongo out to take charge of his estates in the country, while to Singalong he gave the oversight of the servants who worked in the kitchen of the palace.

Pusong and Amo-Mongo went out to the hacienda with the intention of doing something, but when they arrived there, they found so much to do that they concluded that it would be impossible to attend to everything and so decided to do nothing.

The latter, after merely looking over the estate, entered the forest, in order to visit his relatives there. His fellow monkeys, who knew of his marriage with the princess, believed him to be of some importance, and begged him to save them from the famine which was devastating the forest. This Amo-Mongo, with much boasting of his wealth, promised to do, declaring that at the time of harvest he would give them plenty of rice.

When Pusong and his companion returned to the palace they were asked by the king how many acres they had cleared. They replied that they had cleared and planted about one thousand acres. The king was satisfied with their answer, and, at Amo-Mongo's request,

gave orders for a large quantity of rice to be carried from the storehouse to the spot in the forest where his son-in-law had promised the monkeys that they should find it.

On the other hand, Singalong during the day did nothing, and as the king never saw him at work he disliked his third son-in-law very much. Yet every morning there were great piles of fish and vegetables in the palace kitchen. Amo-Mongo, knowing that his brother-in-law usually went out at night in order to bring something home, contrived to get up early and see what there was in the kitchen, so as to present it to the king as the result of his own labors. In this way, Amo-Mongo became each day dearer and dearer to the king, while Singalong became more and more disliked. Maria knew that her husband procured their food in some way, for every morning he said to her: "All that you see here I have brought." However, the king knew nothing of all this.

When the early harvest time came, the king commanded Amo-Mongo to bring rice to make pilipig. (Rice pounded into flakes and toasted, a dish of which Filipinos are very fond.) Amo-Mongo did not know where he could find it, but set out in the direction from which he had seen Singalong coming each morning, and soon came to an extensive rice-field bearing an abundant crop. He took a goodly portion of it and, returning to the palace, had the pilipig prepared and set before the king and his household. Every one ate of it, except Singalong, who was the real owner, and his wife, who had been secretly notified by him of the truth of the matter.

Maria was greatly perplexed by what her husband had told her, so she determined one night to watch him. She discovered that, as soon as the other people were asleep, her husband became transformed into a handsome prince and left the palace, leaving behind him his cat's dress. As soon as he had gone, Maria took the cast-off clothing of her husband and cast it into the fire. Singalong smelt it burning and returned to the palace, where he found his wife and begged her to return to him his cat's dress. This she was unable to do, since it was entirely consumed. As a result, Singalong was obliged to retain the form of a prince, but he was afraid to appear before the king in this guise, and so hid himself.

In the morning, Maria went to the king and told him the truth about her husband. Her father, however, thought that she was crazy, and when she insisted, invited her to accompany him to Amo-Mongo's farm, in order to convince her of her error. Many people went with them, and Amo-Mongo led them to the farm, which was really Singalong's, but told them that it belonged to himself. Besides other things, Singalong had planted many fruits, among them atimon and candol.

Amo-Mongo, seeing the diversity of fruits, began to eat all he could, until he became unable to move a step. Whenever his wife urged him to come away, he would take an atimon under his arm and a candol or so in his hands, until at last his wife, angry at his greediness, gave him a push which caused him to fall headlong, striking his head against a stone and being instantly killed.

Then Singalong, who had secretly followed the crowd from the palace, showed himself to the king in his proper form. After making suitable explanations, he led them to a fine palace in the middle of the hacienda. There they all lived together, but Pusong and his wife, who in former times had treated Singalong very harshly, giving him only the bones and scraps from the table, were now obliged to act as servants in the kitchen of the king's new palace.

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PHILIPPINE (TAGALOG) SUPERSTITIONS.

I. ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS.

(THE following account is from "La Practica del Ministerio," by Padre Tomas Ortiz, Order of Augustinians, Manila, 1713. Literal quotation by W. E. Retana, in appendix to "Estadismo de las Islas Filipinas." The original work is very rare, only one copy known to be in existence.)

Op. cit. chap. i, sec. iv, pp. 11-15, No. 31. "Because many natives, and especially those of the provinces distant from Manila, are much inclined to the nonos (literally, grandparents or ancestors, *F. G.*), or genii, maganitos (literally, idols, *F. G.*), superstitions, spells, incantations, and witchcraft, which have, as also the witches, much diversity; and on that account they are called by diverse names, which are according to the diverse offices attributed to them.

"It is necessary that the Fathers should not only preach, argue, reprove, and make hideous such pestilential abuses, but that they should be very assiduous, solicitous, and careful to discover the persons infected with this mortal venom, and use against them the necessary remedy."

No. 32. "There are many abuses, or, as they call them, 'ugales,' to which the natives are habituated, contrary to our Holy Faith and to good order, and among others the following. The first is the worship of nonos, concerning which it should be stated that the term 'nono' means not only 'grandparent' but also serves as a term of respect to old people and genii. These the Indians have under the name of nono as the Chinese have the same under the name of 'spirits,' and as the Romans had them under the name of gods, which others call Lares and Penates. In honor of the said genii, or nonos, the Indians execute many and frequent idolatries, as for instance to beg for license, mercy, aid, that they should do no harm to them nor be their enemies, etc. They do this on many occasions and among others the following. When they wish to take a flower, or fruit of a tree, they ask permission of the nono or genius to be allowed to take it. When they pass by any field, stream, slough or creek, great trees, thickets, or other parts, they ask passage and license from the nonos. When they are obliged to cut a tree, or to disregard the things or ceremonies which they imagine are agreeable to the nonos, they beg pardon of them, and excuse themselves by saying the priest ordered it, and that it is not voluntary with them to want in respect, or to go against the wishes of the nonos. When they fall sick with the disease which they call 'pamawe,' which they attribute to the genii or nonos, they petition for health and

offer food, which on this occasion, as well as many others, they place in the fields, thickets, creeks, at the foot of a large tree, etc., though they endeavor to hide their actions by saying that they are trying the land. This species of idolatry is very fixed, extended, and ancient with the Indians, and for this reason it is very necessary that the ministering priests should give much care and force to extirpate it, neither lacking diligence nor labor till it is annihilated."

No. 33. "The second is very ordinarily believed by the Indians, that the souls of the dead return to the house the third day to visit the family or to assist at the feast, and by consequence to assist at the ceremony of 'tibao,' which they hide and cover by saying that they are gathered in the house of the dead to recite the Rosary; and if they are told that they can recite it in the church, they do not wish to do it, because what they do is not what they pretend to do. Because of this, the funeral being finished, the minister should prevent their gathering in the house of the dead, and least of all on the third day on any pretext.

"On the fourth day, in consequence of the said ceremony of tibao or of their own evil inclinations, they light candles, awaiting the appearance of the soul of the dead; they spread a mat and scatter ashes upon it, that upon it may be printed the footsteps or marks of the soul, that by them they may know whether or not the soul came. They place also a basin of water at the door, where at the coming of the soul, it may wash its feet. It does not appear, though the knowledge is much to be desired, whether these things of the genii, or nonos, and the dead, are taken from the Chinese or not, or they are made up of this thing and that thing, but it requires an efficacious remedy."¹

No. 34. "The Tig balang, which some call phantasm and others goblin, seems to be a genius or devil, which appears to them in the form of a negro, or of an old man, or as they say in the form of a very little old man, or in the form of a horse, a monster, etc. And they hold him in so much fear that they come to form friendships with him, and they give the rosary to him and receive of him superstitious things, such as hair, herbs, stones, and other things for the accomplishment of prodigious things, and they are guided by him in certain of their operations."

No. 35. "The patianak, which some call goblin (if it be not fiction, dream, or their imagination), is the genius or devil who is accustomed to annoy them and also with many others, who, losing the faith, are approached by him, and either troubled or put into subjection.

¹ The custom of placing a clean vessel of water for the use of the soul on the third day after death is not yet entirely obsolete in Mindoro. Votive offerings of food, such as boiled rice, are made on All Souls' Day in at least one church in that province, in the absence of the curate.

"To him they attribute the ill result of childbirth, and say that to do them damage, or to cause them to go astray, he places himself in a tree, or hides in any place near the house of the woman who is in childbirth, and there sings after the manner of those who go wandering, etc. To hinder the evil work of the patianak, they make themselves naked, and arm themselves with cuirass, bolo, lance, and other arms, and in this manner place themselves on the ridgepole of the roof, and also under the house, where they give many blows and thrusts with the bolo, and make many gestures and motions ordered to the same intent. Others are accustomed to change the woman who is in labor to another house, in order to impede the said damage, because they say her house has a patianak."

No. 36. "They attribute among other things the deaths of children to the patianak, as also to the usangá (asuang). They say that the bird called tictic is the procuress of the witch called asuang, which, flying, passes by the houses of those who are in childbirth, and that it places itself on the roof of a neighboring house, and from thence extends its tongue in the form of a thread that passes into the body of the child, and that with it he draws out the bowels of the child and kills it. At other times they say that it assumes the form of a dog or cat or of a cockroach, which places itself under the sleeping mat and executes the said manœuvre.

"They also attribute losing their way to the patianak, and to find it they strip off their clothes, and with this incantation they say that the road may be found because the patianak is afraid and can no longer lead them astray."

II. THE ASUANG.

The asuang is often confounded by Europeans with ghosts and devils. It is neither devil nor ghost, but human, and is possessed of certain miraculous powers acquired by eating human liver. In certain ways it is a compound of both vampire and ghoul, for it may fly like the vampire and live on human flesh drawn from the living, and on the other hand it may feast on the flesh of those who have died natural deaths, like the ghoul. It has the power to change its corporal form from human to bat-like by a process of division at the waist line, the lower limbs and lower part of the trunk remaining behind while the upper part grows wings and flies away.

It may also take the form of a dog, cat, cayman, or other animal, and in any form possesses the power of causing sickness or death by its spells. In one of the stories of the asuang of Bacó, the asuang compels the change of his food into a shape less abhorrent to others.

The defences against asuangs are several. Garlic held in the hand is an effectual shield against their malign power. Ashes placed

on the divided body prevent the reunion of the upper and lower portions, and condemn the asuang to some dreadful fate which is never more than hinted at in the stories. The most effectual weapon is the tail of the sting-ray, of which the asuang is mortally afraid. At the birth of a child, or in sickness, it is customary in some parts of the Philippines to beat the air and the ground with these formidable whips to drive away the asuangs. La Gironière, writing of a period between 1819 and 1839, says of the Tagalogs of Luzon, that a sabre is often used in this way, but the natives at the present time usually regard the bolo as useless against the asuang. La Gironière also defines the asuang as a malignant divinity, whereas the following detailed stories of asuangs are sufficient to show that the idea is a very different one.

The asuang may be cured by binding him hand and foot and placing by him a vessel of water, which must be perfectly clean and clear. Worms, beetles, lizards, and the like, issue from the mouth and nose, and the patient is cured.

The origin of this class of superstitions has been supposed to lie in a former state of cannibalism, which, surviving in a certain cult for a long time, has shocked the more advanced portion of the community by its revolting practices. Gradually even this died out, and only traditions survive, which have been kept alive by the attacks of animals on bodies buried in shallow graves. It is possible that the last-named factor alone is responsible, but among a people, or rather peoples so diverse in origin as those of the Philippines, it is far from improbable that some at least of the tribes at a remote period may have been anthropophagi, especially as there is much evidence that it has survived in the form of ceremonial cannibalism, almost if not quite to the present time, among the wild tribes of northern Luzon. It is possible, too, that the superstition itself has given rise to cases of obsession in which some of these acts have been performed. One thing is certain, it is the most universal of all beliefs in the islands. It is believed alike by Christian and non-Christian, by educated and ignorant, almost without exception.

The asuang is often called wakwak by Bisayans, and the term is understood by Tagalogs; the converse being also true, that the Bisayans understand the word "asuang." In Pampangan, the word "asuang" and a variant "ustuang" are used. Padre Bergaño, in his Pampangan Dictionary, says: "It is said to be a man, who, anointing his body with oil, flies to a pregnant woman, and draws her unborn child from the womb." Padre Ortiz, elsewhere quoted, speaks of this as being the particular sphere of action of the patianak. Padre Lisboa's Bicol Dictionary defines the asuang simply as a "wizard that eats human flesh."

The tianak or patianak is another dreaded and malevolent being cognate to the asuang, which is said to be the soul of an unbaptized child, living again in a new body in the forest, sucking the blood of any unfortunate woman whom it may find asleep, or who, in compassion, may give it suck. By Padre Ortiz, the Spanish word "duende," or goblin, is used as a synonym for patianak. The whole subject is confused and needs further elucidation. It is likely that a more detailed study would find the fundamental idea overlaid with a mass of local tradition.

I. THE CAYMAN ASUANG.

A boat loaded with rattan was once passing down the Malaylay River going to Bacó, on the island of Mindoro. The crew was composed of a father and three sons. As they proceeded on their way they were hailed by a stranger on the bank, who desired to go into Bacó with them, but they told him, "No, it cannot be, because the boat is so full already that it is almost sinking." After some little talk the stranger and the boat passed on in the direction of Bacó.

But just beyond the next bend a cayman swam out to the boat and with a blow of his tail knocked the father out into the water, where he disappeared. The stranger was also seen no more. One of the sons wished to go in pursuit of his father, but was restrained by the others, who said that their father's life was lost and that it would do no good to risk or lose others in finding his body.

After a while they went into Bacó and entered a house, which turned out to be the house of the stranger who had preceded them into the village. There they saw their father's bolo which had been tied to his waist when the cayman knocked him overboard. Seeing this, they glanced quietly at each other, and as soon as possible left Bacó, for certainly this stranger was asuang, and Bacó is a village of asuangs.

2. THE BABY TORMENTED BY ASUANG.¹

"My baby was about eighteen months old, and we lived up in the other end of town in a house close to the woods. The poor little thing was taken sick and we suspected it was the work of an asuang, so we set a watch outside. My brother-in-law went out into the yard, armed with the tail of a sting-ray and a heavy rattan cane.

"He watched for some time until it became quite dark, although he could see. Suddenly an old woman with a shawl over her head flew over the fence, and while he looked at her she changed into a large cat, a pig, and finally a turkey. The turkey reached its head up between the bamboo slats and began to eat.

¹ This story was related by a young Tagalog woman of her living child.

"The guard called to us, but we could not hear, and the asuang finding herself discovered, flew away, but to this day the child bears the scar of the asuang's bite."

(As it is almost impossible under severe penalties to keep Tagalog soldiers on post awake at night, a natural explanation of the story readily presents itself.)

3. CAPTURE OF ASUANGS.

There was once a very brave man who was not afraid of asuangs, and as there were many bewitched by them in the pueblo, he determined to save them. So he went into a house alone, and taking a bolo and the whip-like tail of the sting-ray and some garlic and ashes, he wrapped himself up in a sleeping mat as though dead, and lay very still. The virtue of these weapons is this, that with the bolo one may slay, with the sting-ray's tail one may whip most terribly, and with the ashes one may do mischief to the asuang, while it is powerless to harm one who carries garlic or has ashes in his hand.

Soon the asuangs came to the house, and after a discussion two of them carried the man wrapped in the mat through the air to the beach, and there laid him down. Then the man came out of his wrappings and stood up. He took his whip and began to beat them, driving them into the water. He caught one of them, and taking her forefinger in his mouth, bit it through the nail. Now this is a very terrible thing to do to an asuang, and she surrendered. He likewise caught the other and took them before the alcalde. The alcalde examined them, and they confessed that they were asuangs, and told the names of those whom they had bewitched.

The alcalde then compelled them to cure all those whom they had bewitched, and told them that if they ever did ill to any one again, they would be put to death.

Ever afterward they led most exemplary lives and became famous for their skilful care of the sick.

4. ASUANGS AS FISHERMEN.

A poor married couple were bewailing the fact that they had no meat to eat with their boiled rice, and could neither buy nor find any.

As they talked a fine piece of meat came flying through the air and stopped just between them. "Ah, thanks be to God," said the woman, "we shall have meat for our suppers." So they ate freely of it, and only when they finished did they see that with the meat they had also swallowed strong cords, like fishing lines. Then they felt themselves caught up and flying through the air. Whither they were being carried they had no idea, but at last they passed under a

bridge, and the man, by catching hold of the woman and of the bridge, managed to resist the asuang till the lines pulled loose and they were saved, but the woman lost an arm, eaten off by the asuang while they were being carried through the air.

5. THE ASUANG WHO DIED OF SHAME.

There was once a poor widow who had two children. She used always to tell them never to forget to pray for the repose of her soul when she should die. At last she died, and the oldest girl, then verging on womanhood, tried to get the money to bury her, but no one helped her, till a young man came and said that if she would marry him he would bury her mother. She consented to this and the woman was buried, and although she did not know it, the young man wished the body for himself, for he was asuang.

After a suitable time they were married, but the young wife was not happy, however, for her husband was never at home at night. One night she watched him and he flew away. She was greatly frightened and resolved to eat nothing more in the house. When the morning came the young man returned carrying much meat, which he said came from a wild boar he had killed in the woods. This he prepared and told her to eat, but she begged not to be compelled to eat, because she was sick. "You must eat," said the young man, "or I will eat you." So she pretended to eat, but dropped the bits of meat through the floor. This the asuang saw, and threatened again with being eaten herself, through fear she ate the meat. She did not become asuang, however, as she did not eat any of the liver.

The next night when the asuang went away, she went to a chief of the village and begged to be protected from her husband. The chief promised to keep her from harm, and she remained in his house. The next morning her husband came in search of her and found her in the house of the chief, who said to him, "Your wife has left you because of your wickedness, and will never live with you as long as you continue your evil ways."

The asuang raised his downcast eyes for a moment, looked at his wife, and fell down dead.

6. THE FOUR ASUANGS OF CAPIZ.

There was once a commandant who made a voyage to Capiz in a little boat having six sailors and a captain. When they arrived at Capiz the commandant was put to lodge in one house, and the boatmen in another. Now the house where the sailors were lodged was a very grand one, beautifully furnished, and large. The commandant was invited there for the evening meal, by the owner of the house, who was a widow with three lovely daughters. The commandant,

the captain, the sailors, and the women all sat down to the table together.

The viands were delicious, the wines were of rare vintage, the tablecloth and the dishes were of the finest, and the servants were very attentive; everything being in conformity. There was much laughter and gay conversation until one of the sailors noticed that his fork was in the shape of a human hand. Without speaking, he called the attention of the others to it, and as quickly as possible they all concluded their meal. That night the commandant went to his own house, the captain had a room by himself in the house where they were, and the six sailors had a room together.

The boatmen were resolved not to sleep, but to watch for strange things that might befall. After they had gone to their rooms there was much passing to and fro, but all this ceased about midnight. So three of the sailors stole quietly downstairs, and there in the lower rooms they saw the bodies of three women, perfect below the waist, but all above missing, standing against the wall. Then a temptation entered their hearts and they smeared the upper parts of the bodies with ashes, so that they could not be joined to the other halves, and changed the positions of all of them. Then they ran to the commandant and the others, to tell them that the women were *asuangs*.

While they were gone the women returned, flying in and endeavoring to join themselves to their lower limbs, but they could not because of the evil done them by the sailors. So they began to cry for help, saying that they had done no harm, and a terrible fate would befall them if the dawn saw them in their present condition.

The captain heard their cries and weeping, and went down. They told him of the cruel trick which had been done them by the sailors, and procuring a cloth and water, he carefully washed off the ashes and placed them in their proper places, and just as dawn was appearing in the east, the *asuangs* became women again. They promised the captain every good fortune for his kindness, but were very angry against the sailors who had done the wickedness.

The other three sailors married women of Capiz, and the captain and commandant lived long there, but the three mischievous ones fled. Wherever they went the *asuangs* always followed, threatening them with death unless by marriage they repaired the wrong they had done.

At last they agreed, being worn out by continual persuasion of the *asuangs*, and married them. And the *asuangs* made them good wives, and the sailors were never, so long as they lived, heard to complain of their lot.

7. THE WOMAN WHO BECAME AN ASUANG.

There was once a man who was an asuang, who married a woman who was not. The two lived in a house with the woman's mother and their own child, a baby girl. The man was absent from home a great deal, and the woman grew jealous lest she had a rival. So one day, leaving the baby with her mother, she went out to the farm in the country to look for the man.

When she came to the house she could not find the man, but within, swung from the rafters, was a great deal of meat. Being hungry, she was tempted to try the meat, and finding it savory, ate on. After a while she ate a piece of the liver, and her nature changed at once and she became an asuang. After waiting a while she returned home, and finding her mother gone about her work, she took her own child and began to eat the flesh of its arm. The grandmother heard the child's cries, and for a while paid no attention to it, but finally returned just in time to see its mother running away, and the child with its arm eaten off.

The poor old woman could think of nothing else than that her daughter had gone mad, but she buried the child and went to the chiefs of the village for protection. The asuang went to the forest and joined her husband, and together they went to another village.

In this village they did very well for a while, till the neighbors began to notice that they never slept, but in and out, up and down, night and day, they were always stirring. So one of the neighbors learned in the ways of the asuangs went to the house one night and there found the bodies perfect below the waist, but with all above missing, a condition which betokens the asuang. So he changed the one for the other, and placed ashes on the surface where the missing parts should join, and set himself to watch. Soon they returned, but because of what had been done, were not able to resume their normal state. They flew about within and without the house crying, "Woe is me, woe is thee, if the dawn find us thus." Then they flew away again, and as soon as they were gone the man undid his work. Just as dawn was breaking, they came again, and finding all straight and ready, they became human again; but they were so ashamed at being found out that they went away and never again troubled that village.

8. THE ASUANG OF BACÓ.

I once knew a woman of Calapan who was married to a man of Bacó. They had one child, but when it reached the age of two or three years it died. The grandmother of the child went to the funeral and remained afterwards.

That night the father said he would go fishing, and took his line as

if he were going fishing, but instead he went to the cemetery, and dug up the body of the child, which he carried down to the seashore. There in the dark he began to wash it with sea water, saying as he washed "fish." Washing and repeating the word over and over, at last it became a great fish which he carried home. But his mother-in-law had been a spectator of all his movements, and when he laid the fish on the table she took up a sharp knife and threatened him with death unless he buried it again, telling him that she knew he was an asuang. After he had placed the child again in its desecrated grave, he was driven from the village, and his wife returned to her father, and the asuang was heard of no more.

9. THE TIANAK.

There lived once upon a time a young couple who had been married only a month. Said the husband, "Let us go and plant palay¹ in the country so that we shall have plenty to eat." So they started for the palay field and the road ran through the forest.

There they saw a baby sitting on the root of a tree and crying piteously. The soft-hearted woman said to her husband, "Can't we take the poor little thing? Perhaps it will live, and it is so pretty." So the husband agreed and they went on. They stopped to rest, and the woman said to her husband, "There is no milk in my breast, but perhaps it will quiet the child if I give it suck."

She nestled the little thing close up to her bosom and gave it the breast, but as soon as the baby's lips touched her, she cried out, "*Aroy cong Dios*,² it is biting me," but her husband thought it only a jest, for how could such a thing bite? After a few minutes she lay very still, and her husband thought her asleep, and went away for a short time. When he returned he saw that she was dead, and flying through the forest, he could see the baby! Then he was sorry that he had not killed the baby instead of showing it kindness, for surely it was a tianak.

III. THE TIK-BALAN.³

The belief in a monster called the tik-balan is quite widely disseminated in the Philippines, notably among Tagalogs and Bisayans. It is not found among the primitive Mangyans of Mindoro, probably because living in the dense forests said to be his haunts, they know that no such thing is to be found there.

La Gironière speaks of one of his Tagalog companions on a hunting expedition having been afraid both to enter a cave, and to sleep under a *balete* tree. He defines the tik-balan as an evil spirit, and

¹ Palay, rice.

² "O my God!"

³ Also written *tic-balan*, *tik-balang*, *tig-balang*.

mentions the fact that in passing a balete tree, a Tagalog always says, "Tabi, po, Nono," as though requesting permission of a superior to pass. This custom is still kept up, though it is probable that the address is now directed to an *anito* rather than to the tik-balan.

The tik-balan is variously described, usually as being of superhuman stature, at least twelve feet, and that it has horse's hoofs on a manlike body. It is said by some to have great saucer-like eyes, and by others to have a long face like a horse. It has long streaming hair, and the best way to catch it is to drive heavy nails into a tree which it visits, and thus entangle its hair. The tik-balan lives in caves in the densest forest, whence it makes forays for the procuring of human flesh. It is malevolent, and is often said to be possessed of magical powers, but is apparently very stupid and easily outwitted. If captured it becomes a faithful and tractable servant for farm work, and never permits stray animals nor wild beasts to molest the crops.

The tik-balan has often been seen, according to their own accounts, by those who have related these stories.

Akin to the tik-balan is the oko. It is manlike in shape, but has an immensely long upper lip that may be made to cover the entire face. It associates with the tik-balan, but has no such supernatural powers. It is, however, fond of human flesh. The oko is called Maomao by Tagalogs, but as the only tale in the collection which refers to them is of Bisayan origin, the Bisayan name oko has been preferred.

Cognate to the oko superstition is the idea entertained by the Tagalog and Bisayan Christians of southern Mindoro, that their Mangyan neighbors rise the third day after death, and in a form like that of the oko haunt the scenes they have known in life. It is a revived body and not a spirit which walks, and if it can be led to the sea, it dies forever when it touches the water.

Another monster, but a benign one, is the kapre. It is gigantic in size, being even larger than the tik-balan, and is perfectly black. The name and description suggest an Arabic source (from *Kafir*), and it is possible that further investigation will show that this superstition is derived from the Moros, with whom the writer has no acquaintance. While several natives with whom the writer talked claimed to have seen the kapre, they were unable to give any details that would have thrown light on the subject of the origin of the myth, or accounts of things done by it, beyond the mere fact of its appearance.

I. THE TIK-BALAN.

A man and his wife wished to go to visit the parents of the wife, who lived in the country on the other side of the forest. They did

not know the road very well and were soon lost. Then the woods on each side began to crash and the tree-tops to move, although there was no wind. "What is that?" asked the woman, trembling. "Surely it is the tik-balan," answered the man. Drawing his bolo, he struck upon the ground, and bade all evil spirits begone in the name of God.

A great voice sounded from one side of the road, "You will never reach your destination," and from the other side responded another great voice, "You will die here in the woods." At last night came on and they were more afraid than ever, but whenever the voice came too close they recited the prayer against devils and three "Our Fathers," and the man struck upon the ground with his bolo and bade the devils begone again.

On the evening of the second day, having wandered for two days and a night on a journey that should have taken only a few hours, they arrived at the farm whither they were bound. They were so fatigued that they were only able to say that they had been followed by tik-balans, when they fell as dead.

The father of the woman knew what to do, however, and quickly placed crosses at the corners of the yard and in the centre, and sprinkled salt on the roof of the house.

Seeing themselves baffled, the tik-balans crashed off through the woods and troubled them no more, but it was a long time before the man and woman recovered from the fright and fatigue of their terrible journey in the forest.

2. THE TIK-BALAN.

"When I was a young woman I went with the family to the country to plant crops. My father went to town to get some provisions and my mother, myself, and the little children were left in the house. We lay down to sleep in the night without much fear, but my mother heard a noise of scraping on the walls of the nipa house. Rising quickly she looked out and there saw a gigantic shape. Hastily she woke the children, and calling me and seizing her crucifix, she went to the window and waved it. I also looked out and saw a hideous shape, as of the body of a man with the legs and feet of a horse and with a horrible horse-like face. She waved her cross, and the tik-balan ran off in the moonlight, taller than the house. The next day we found its tracks, close to the house, like horse's tracks, and the woods were broken down where it had passed through, running away from the blessed crucifix which deprived it of all its power to do harm. Surely if she had not waved the cross one of the children would have been stolen."

3. THE RESCUED WOMAN.

(Tik-balan and okos. A Bisayan tale.)

A man once lived with his wife in a little house in the woods. Their principal crop was maize, and for a long time they prospered. But something began to take the maize. One morning the farmer found that five stalks were gone, and to a Bisayan farmer it is a serious matter to lose a few stalks of maize. Then the next night he lost ten and another night fifty. So he set a watch but saw nothing. He was greatly worried by this, but as he had business in town he went away.

While he was away a tik-balan came to the house and took the woman who was left behind, and tying her into a bundle, threw her up on his shoulder and carried her away to a cave in the mountains. There he went down a steep ladder into a large room full of okos, which, as soon as they smelled a human being, cried aloud in joy, "Here is live human flesh." They put the woman into a cage to fatten her till she should be ready to eat.

The husband returned, found his wife gone, and being a brave man followed the trail of the tik-balan to his cave. Knowing that he could do nothing without help, he returned to his house and there found two nephews, both brave men, who had just returned from a voyage. These three procured all the alak¹ they could, and fastening the bottles around their waists and tying on their bolos, they went to the cave.

Down the ladder they climbed, into the dark. When they reached the bottom, all the okos set up the shout, "Here is live human flesh," but these brave men were not at all discomposed and only said, "Very well, but you won't eat us until you have tasted our alak." So the tik-balan and the okos tasted the alak and smacked their lips, declaring it was the finest water they ever drank. But soon the alak began to make them drunk, and they sang and talked and finally fell over and went to sleep.

Then the men went to the cage and let the woman out and started up the long ladders. The okos and the tik-balan by this time were recovering from their drunkenness and started to follow. But the men and the woman reached the top first, and the men cut the ladders loose and threw them with the okos and the tik-balan to the bottom where they were all killed. Then they returned to their homes and were never troubled again.

¹ Alak=native rice or palm brandy.

4. THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID.

A young man who lived in the country once wished to go to town. He was a brave fellow and started off clapping his hands and shouting to the tik-balan and the evil spirits that he was not afraid of them. As he went on he felt the touch of invisible hands grasping his clothing. Drawing his bolo he struck out to the sides and behind him, and although he could see nothing the steel rang as though striking on a rock. At last he came to a brook, and the invisible hands gripped him closer, tearing his clothes from his back. Looking up he saw also a gigantic tik-balan towering above and ready to grasp him. He attempted to cross the brook, but could not.

Then he drew his bolo again and struck it on the ground three times, at the same time saying a prayer against the evil spirits, three "Hail Marys" and three "Our Fathers." With that the evil spirits and the tik-balan gave back a little, but the young man, whether by fear or the power of the evil spirits, was nearly crazed. He went on, but his path instead of taking him to the village lead into the mountains until he had crossed seven. On and on he went never daring to stop till midnight, when the tik-balan drew near to destroy him.

Without knowing what he did he cut a bamboo and made of it a cross and carrying it he went on. The tik-balan, frightened by the cross, kept at a greater distance but still followed.

After much fatigue and suffering he came to his mother's house in the country, and she, being skilled in such matters, put crosses about, and put salt on the roof and on her son's body. But though she was a wise woman and knew much of herbs, it was three days before the young man could remember anything or speak.

Fletcher Gardner.

PHILIPPINE (VISAYAN) SUPERSTITIONS.

I. GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

THE Visayans in general believe in three kinds of spirits: the tamawos, dwendes, and asuangs. The first are not especially bad, although sometimes mischievous, and accustomed to kidnap children, in order to make them like themselves. They live in mounds or elevated places in the fields. Their houses, which are generally on the inside of the mound, although sometimes built outside, are of metal or glass, and ordinarily invisible to mortals. Those who have seen them, and in each town there is usually at least one person who claims to have done so, say that the houses have the appearance of those inhabited by men, contain handsome furniture, and usually have in them beautiful young ladies who do their utmost to induce the child whom the tamawo has captured to partake of their food, since if a mortal once eats of their food he becomes for all time a tamawo like themselves. If, however, he successfully resists them, the child is, at the end of three or four days, taken back to the spot where he was captured, and released.

The tamawo can take on any shape he pleases, generally appearing as a man, but sometimes as a dog, carabao, or other animal. The tamawo, however, can be distinguished from the true animal, because the former has a huge body, big staring eyes, and the toes much prolonged and ending in big claws.

The dwende is a little sprite which lives in men's houses, and amuses himself by making noises, throwing sand and stones, and singing. In general, he is good natured, although if provoked he may take his revenge by making one of the children fall sick and die. At times one can be heard to drop from the ceiling to the floor, and at other times he knocks over kitchen utensils, etc.

Filipino houses swarm with lizards, rats, and bats. One kind of lizard, about three or four inches long, runs over the ceilings and walls, especially at night, and often slips and falls to the floor with a thud. Rats frequently alarmed us by lifting the lids of kettles, to get what might be within, and letting them down with a bang. They and the bats make noise enough at night to account for almost anything, and it is probable that with the lizards, assisted by the vivid imagination of the people, they are entirely responsible for the belief in the existence of these noisy little imps.

The belief in asuangs is too firmly established in the minds of most of the people to be easily shaken, and is sometimes the cause of great mischief, as the asuang is a mortal, in many respects like themselves, — indeed, may be one of their neighbors. The chief

characteristic of the asuang is his liking for human flesh, especially the livers of young children. It is with the greatest difficulty that a teacher can convince his scholars that the cannibals mentioned in the story of Robinson Crusoe were not asuangs, but simply men and women like their own parents. The children believe that the asuang can catch them and carry them to the tops of high trees, in order to eat them. This is one of the reasons why they dislike to be out after dark, and why they will not travel alone at night, or even in the daytime in lonely places, if it can possibly be avoided.

The asuang is a man or woman who has made a compact with the evil one. Such a one does not attend the church nor enter any other sacred place. He has a hole in the arm-pit which contains an oil that gives him the power of becoming invisible and flying where he pleases. His nails are very long and his tongue horribly expanded, black, and pliant as silk.

The asuang, like the tamawo, can assume the form of an animal at will. The early evening is the time most suitable for him to make a visit of inspection to the houses where, later, when the people are all asleep, he performs his horrible deeds. At midnight he leaves the lower part of his body, from the waist down, and the other half flies off to look for food, especially lonely travellers and babies whose attendants have neglected them. If any one can manage, during the absence of the asuang, to cast salt upon the part of his body which he has left behind, it will be impossible for him upon his return to reunite his body.

When a child is sick, the parents go to the house of one who is known to be an asuang, and beg him to come and cure the sick one. If the asuang can be induced to come and touch the child's hand, immediate recovery is assured and the parents return thanks to the asuang.

It is a serious matter to be suspected of being an asuang. Young ladies who belong to the family of an asuang are not sought in marriage, but are condemned to pass their lives in lonely spinsterhood, — a fate even more to be deplored in that country than in more civilized regions. Many masters will not engage a servant until after assuring themselves that there is no danger of his being related to an asuang.

In order to discover whether a person is an asuang or not, a curious custom is in vogue. The parings of the finger-nails are cast into the fire in the presence of the suspect. If the suspicion is correct, the asuang betrays himself by becoming extremely nervous and restless.

The probable origin of the belief in asuangs is thus given by a well-educated Visayan:—

"Before the Spaniards came to these Islands each datto or rich man had an asuang, or official who served as counsellor in religious and political matters. The asuangs were the most learned people among them. The Spaniards came and began to preach Christianity, and, of course, they had to show the falsehood of the asuang's doctrine, as contrary to morality. Then the neophytes and new Christians looked upon the asuang as a false teacher, and their hatred of him became so great that they forged and invented many attributes of him."

In addition to these, there are the *cama-cama*, or little spirits of the well, whose operations are limited to making black and blue spots on the bodies of those who come to bathe, by pinching them, and ghosts, which appear as flaming figures in the graveyards. As the graves are very shallow, and bones, coffin-boards, etc., are strewn around, it is not improbable that phosphorescent lights may sometimes be seen. A parish priest, in reply to a question once put to him by the writer as to the belief in these ghosts, said: "We do not know. It may be that God permits the souls of men to return to earth as a warning to others, but whether this is so or not I cannot say."

II. TWO TAMAWO STORIES.

1. There is a kind of tree called *lonoç* which the people think to be inhabited by *tamawos*, and they are afraid to touch it.

In 1876 a gentleman owned an estate in Igpandan, between Miagao and Igaras, in the province of Iloilo.

Near the house stood a *lonoç* tree. The gentleman wanted to clear all the estate from trees and bushes, so gave orders to cut the tree down. The workmen, who all belonged to the ignorant class, protested, and besought their master not for his life to go on with the task; but he refused to listen, and the tree was chopped down.

The men, as they were cutting the tree, cried: "We are not responsible for this cutting!" By this means they hoped to escape the *tamawos'* anger.

Some time afterwards, the gentleman's house in town was troubled by stoning. No one could discover the author of the disturbance, although many suspected ones were arrested without causing the cessation of the trouble.

A Spanish priest, who, of course, did not believe that spirits could have anything to do with such matters, went to the house; but no sooner had he stepped inside the door than he was hit with a stone. Curiosity brought many people to the house to see the stones, flowers, dirt, etc., which continued to fall for about a month.

Who caused the trouble? The rabble solved the problem by imputing it to the *tamawos*, who in this way were avenging the

injury done them by cutting down the lonoè tree. The learned men attributed it to some evilly disposed persons who wished to annoy the owner of the house. But in spite of all the investigations made, the true cause was never fully established.

2. Once a fish seller went on horseback to sell his fish. He saw many houses along the road, and many people looking out of the windows, but he was surprised that no one wished to buy his fish.

At last there was no longer any road to walk upon. He turned back, but found himself in the midst of a thick forest.

Road, houses, and people had all disappeared. His fish, of course, were spoiled, as it took him till far into the night to get home. He thought that all was the result of a trick played him by the tamawos.

III. THE STORY OF AN ASUANG.

One day an asuang fell sick. His daughter, who did not know that her father was an asuang, went to look for a physician. When she had walked about a mile, she met a friend and asked her to tell her where she might find a doctor. Her friend replied :—

“I know where an excellent physician lives. He cured my father, who had been sick for many years with several diseases. Every year, at the time of the Christmas holidays, this physician goes to live in a cave in the mountains, and there for a week he gathers roots and the bark of trees and makes his medicine. Come, and I will show you where he lives.”

When they had arrived at the physician's house, the girl said : “We have come to see you because my father is sick, and my brother and I are afraid to stay in the house any longer with him ; for this morning, when he saw us, he got up and tried to run and kill us, but could not, because he was so weak. His eyes are so big and his arms so long that I am afraid of him, and no one dares to go into the room where he is for fear he will try to kill them.”

Then the physician said : “I will come to see him to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. You must prepare some corn for me to eat.” But the daughter did not prepare anything, because she was afraid and ran away.

The next morning at eight o'clock the doctor went to the house and called for the woman, but no one answered him. Then he entered the house and asked, “Where is that woman who called on me yesterday ?”

The asuang answered, “Where is that woman who called on me yesterday ?” Then he woke up and ran to catch the doctor. The latter cried, “Help ! help !” and the asuang replied, “Help ! help !”

When the neighbors heard the physician call for help they came running in, to see what was the matter. One man, who was coming

from the well, had a glass of water in his hand. When he came to where the doctor and the asuang were fighting, the glass of water was spilled, and some of it fell upon the asuang. Immediately the asuang was changed into a heap of little worms. The neighbors ran away, and never saw the asuang any more.

IV. ITEMS OF SUPERSTITION.

The Visayans have many superstitions, which are implicitly believed by the lower classes, "and even," as one of their own people, a very intelligent teacher, wrote me, "among the half-educated people." In addition to their belief in spirits, witches, etc., called by the various names of asuang, tamawo, and duende, the following are the most commonly held : —

When a black butterfly comes into the room it denotes that some member of the family will soon die.

A certain white moth with red spots causes inflammation of the eyes.

Fishing nets and the fighting cocks are taken out of a house where some one is dying, or at the birth of a child, as otherwise they would be unlucky.

When the rice is threshed it is put into the granary with as little noise as possible, as otherwise it would be frightened and would not yield abundantly in the following year.

The first netful of fish caught during the season is thrown back into the water, to bring luck for the next year.

If one involuntarily bites his lip, it is a sign that some one is talking against him.

On the third day after a death, the remaining members of the family take a bath in the sea, dropping into the water something belonging to the deceased.

One must not point a finger at the rainbow, for if this is done the finger will become crooked.

The eclipse of the moon is thought to be caused by a huge animal, called bacunarra, which holds the moon in its mouth.

To play with a cat will cause a storm.

The Negritos sell a drug called lumay, which has the power of attracting the love of the ladies. It is burned and the smoke allowed to cling to the garments of the one whose love is desired.

A little tar is mixed with ground horn and put upon the baby's head so that the spirits which live in the forest shall not harm it.

Lalanhan is a kind of oil, which is kept in a bottle. Many slaves will be the property of one who owns lalanhan. When the oil rises in the bottle and gives off froth, the owner has the power of turning into an asuang.

If the owner of the *alanhan* dies, and no one inherits it, the dead man will turn into an *amamanhig*, or ghost, which will be heard continually chattering. But if some one inherits it, the ghost remains quiet.

Falling stars are the souls of drunkards. At night they return to earth, singing: "Do not drink! Do not drink!" Each day they try to climb back into heaven, but each night fall back again.

If any one approaches a house where the people are eating a meal, it is unlucky for any of the family to go out to meet him. If it is absolutely necessary for some one to go out before they have finished eating, the dishes are moved around so that there will be no vacant place.

To eat supper or to start on a journey just as the moon is rising will cause sudden death or severe sickness. To bathe on the first day of the month will also cause sickness, and if the first day of the month falls on Monday the people prepare medicines for the sickness which will surely come to the town.

If a cock crows early in the night and no others answer it, it is a sign that thieves are around. If he changes his position towards the wall at midnight and looks up at the rope that is tied to its foot, he will win the next day's fight.

Sweet potatoes are planted at low tide, in order that the crop may be large. In former times the farmer used to remove his clothes.

One must not look up at the leaves of the banana tree when planting it, or the fruit will be small.

Thunder is the growling of a large cat.

A man who goes courting must carry with him four leaves of the *buyo* plant. It will never fail. The leaf of the *buyo* tree is used to wrap the betel-nut in when it is chewed, and all the lower classes chew it.

If a dog howls at night, evil spirits are abroad, or some one is dying.

If a man has a cocoanut with only one eye, he is invited to watch the dying. At night he puts the cocoanut on the ground under the house in which the man is dying, and while he does so, the *asuang* is obliged to visit the dying man and give him his hand, when the sick one will instantly begin to mend.

On the second of November (All Souls' Day), most of the lowest class prepare a rich supper, which is laid on the ground at night, and the souls of those relatives who have died during the year are supposed to come and partake of it.

The *Negritos* either abandon the house in which any one has died, or else wall up the door through which the dead was carried and

make another, in order that, if the spirit revisits the dwelling, it may not be able to find its way in.

To step over a sleeping person, or to awaken him suddenly, is a deadly insult, as during sleep the soul is supposed to be absent from the body, and any such action is liable to interfere with its safe return.

Some of the people in the interior, before they begin to clear the fields to start farming, kill a pig or a chicken, and make a feast to the spirits which live there. They believe that if they were to cut down the trees before they had induced the spirits to move away, the whole family would die. After the ground is cleared and before it is planted, betel-nut, a comb, and a short stick with thread rolled upon it are placed with the seed. When the heads of rice begin to form, a stick of baguay, a small kind of bamboo, is put in each corner of the field. When the rice is ripe, the first of the crop is toasted with sugar and cocoanut, and offered to the spirits. It is unlucky to go to the left of the basket in which the rice is put. When the rice is thrashed and winnowed, which is usually a considerable time after harvesting, the rice is gathered with great care into a basket, in order not to scare away the good spirit which is asleep in it, and a bolo or axe is placed with it. Then a feast is held, after which the owner gives the low call used in calling the chickens, in order that the spirit of the rice may go home with him.

Those who live in the towns laugh at these superstitions, yet it would be difficult to find any one who does not believe at least some of them.

W. H. Millington.

Berton L. Maxfield.

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FILIPINO (TAGALOG) VERSIONS OF CINDERELLA.

A.¹

ONCE there were a man and his wife who had a daughter named Maria. Maria was a very pretty child and very happy, but unfortunately her father fell in love with a woman who was not his wife, and one day taking his wife out to fish with him he murdered her and threw her body into the water. Poor little Maria cried a great deal after her mother's death, but her lot was worse after her father married the other woman, for the stepmother set her all kinds of cruel tasks and threatened her with awful penalties if she failed.

Maria had a pet pig, with which she played a great deal, and her stepmother ordered her to kill and clean it. Poor little Maria cried and begged, but the woman forced her to kill the pig. When the pig was cleaned, the stepmother gave Maria ten of the refuse pieces and told her to clean them in the river, and if one piece was missing when she returned, she would be beaten to death. Maria cleaned the pieces in the river, but one slipped away and went down stream. The child cried and lamented over her fate so that an old crocodile going by asked her what was amiss. "That is nothing," said the crocodile, and he straightway swam after the piece and brought it back. As he turned to swim away, he splashed with his tail and a drop of water fell on her forehead where it became a most beautiful

¹ This first version of the Cinderella story was communicated to me in December, 1903, at Mangarin, Mindoro, by a young man known to me only by the name of Cornelio, who said that he had heard it told by a man from Marinduque Island. It was said never to have been printed, and in my list of fifty or so printed tales of this kind it is not to be found. I searched the Manila native bookstores very carefully for it, but could get no trace. The story was taken down by my usual method of listening attentively to the tale in Tagalog, and then at once writing it out in English, from memory, and having this story retold, with the translation at hand, to detect inaccuracies. In this way I felt more sure of having the story properly told than if the teller were constantly interrupted for me to copy the translation, as at the time the stories were written I was almost as familiar with spoken Tagalog as with English. — *F. G.*

jewel, flashing like the sun and fastened so tightly that it could not be removed. The little girl went home with the jewel on her forehead shining so brightly that it made every one cross-eyed to look at it, so that it had to be covered with a handkerchief.

The cruel stepmother asked many questions about Maria's good fortune, and when she found out all about it she sent her own daughter to kill a pig and do in all respects as the stepsister had done.

She did so and threw a piece of the refuse meat into the river and cried as it floated off.

The crocodile inquired of this girl also the cause of the trouble, and again brought the meat, but this time when he splashed with his tail, instead of a jewel on the girl's forehead, there was a little bell that tinkled incessantly. All the people knelt and crossed themselves because they thought the "Viaticum" passed, but when they saw the bell on the girl's forehead they laughed and pointed at her. So the daughter had to tie up her forehead for shame, for the bell could not be gotten off.

The stepmother was more cruel than ever to Maria now that she had met with good fortune and her daughter with ill. She set the girl to every kind of dirty work till her whole body was filthy and then sent her to the river to bathe, telling her that if she did not wash her back clean she would beat her to death.

Maria struggled and scrubbed, but she could not reach her back either to see whether it was clean or to wash it, and she began to cry. Out of the river came a great she-crab, that asked the girl her trouble. "Oh," said Maria, "if I do not wash my back clean my stepmother will beat me to death." "Very well," said the crab, "that is easily remedied," and jumping on to Maria's back scrubbed and scrubbed till her back was perfectly clean. "Now," said the crab, "you must eat me and take my shell home and bury it in the yard. Something will grow up that will be valuable to you." Maria did as she was told, and from the place grew a fine lukban (grape fruit) tree which in time bore fruit.

One day the stepmother and her daughter wished to go to church and left Maria to get the dinner. The stepmother told her that dinner must be ready when she returned and must be neither cold nor hot. Maria wept again over the impossibility of the task and was about to despair when an old woman came in, to whom she told her troubles. The old woman was a stranger but was apparently very wise, for she told Maria to go to church and that she would prepare the dinner. The girl said she had no clothes, but the old woman told her to look in the fruit of the lukban tree, and from the fruit Maria took out all the garments of a princess, a beautiful chariot and eight horses. Quickly she bathed and arrayed herself and drove by the

king's palace to the church, the jewel on her forehead shining so that it nearly blinded all who looked. The king, seeing such a magnificently dressed princess, sent his soldiers to find out about her, but they could learn nothing and had nothing to show when they returned but one of her little slippers which fell off as she left the church.

Maria went home and hastily put the dress and equipage back into the lukban fruit, and the old woman was there waiting with the dinner, which was neither cold nor hot. When the stepmother came from church, she saw only her stepdaughter there in rags, and everything ready according to her order.

Now the king wished to know who this princess was and ordered a "bando" sent around to every woman and girl in the kingdom, saying he would marry whomever the shoe would fit. The stepmother and her daughter went to the palace, but tied Maria in a sack and set her in the fireplace, telling her that she would be beaten to death if she stirred. The shoe fitted nobody at the palace; whether their feet were long, short, broad, narrow, big, little, or otherwise, it fitted no one. So the soldiers were sent out again to bring in every one who had not obeyed the "bando" and they looked into the house where Maria lived, but they did not see her. Just then a cock crowed and said, "Kikiriki, that's the girl. Kikiriki, there in the fireplace; the shoe fits her foot." So the soldiers made Maria dress in her finery with the mate to her little slipper on her foot, and with her little chariot and the eight ponies she went to the king's palace, and the other little slipper fitted exactly.

The stepmother and her daughter were envious, but could do nothing against the king's wishes, and the king married Maria with great pomp, but none of the jewels were so beautiful as the one that blazed on Maria's forehead.

In due time it came to be known that an heir would be born, but the king was called away to war. He arranged that a signal should be set, however, — a white flag if all went well and a black flag if anything went wrong.

He left the princess in the care of her stepmother and two wise women, and warned them not to let anything bad happen to the queen. The stepmother had not forgotten her hate for Maria, and when the little princes were born, for there were seven, she and the other women took them away and substituted seven little blind puppies.

When the king returned he saw the black flag flying over the tower and hurried to the queen's rooms to find her in tears over the puppies. He ordered the puppies drowned and his wife put into a corner under the staircase, until a place could be built for her. Then he had a hut built outside the palace and placed the queen there in chains.

The seven little princes, stolen from their mother, were put into a box which was cast into the sea and which drifted far away to a shore near an enchanter's cave. This enchanter had an oracle which spoke to him and said, "Go by the mountains and you will be sad, go by the shore and you will be glad," as he was setting out for his daily walk. Obedient to the oracle, he went to the shore and there heard the crying of the babies. He secured the box and carried it and the babies to his cave, and there they lived for several years untroubled.

One day a hunter, chasing deer with dogs, went by that way and saw the children. He returned to town and told what he had seen, and it came to the ears of the old women. They, being afraid that the king would learn of the children's being there, made "maruya," which is a kind of sweetmeat, and mixed poison with it. Then they went out to where the children were and gave them the poisoned sweets, so that they all died. When night came the enchanter was greatly troubled because the children did not come, and taking a torch he set out to look for them. He found the little bodies lying at the foot of a tree, and wept long and bitterly. At last he took them to his cave and laid them in a row on the floor and wept again.

As he lamented he heard the voice of the oracle, which was like a beautiful woman's voice, accompanied by a harp, singing most sweetly, and bidding him beg a medicine of the mother of the Sun, who lives in the house of the Sun across seven mountains to the west. This, she promised, would restore them to life.

So he set out on his long journey, and when he had crossed three mountains he came to a tree on which the birds never lit, and the tree was lamenting the fact. The enchanter inquired the way to the Sun's house, and the tree told him thus and so, but begged him to ask the mother of the Sun why the birds never lit on it. The enchanter went on, and on the next mountain he saw two men sitting in a pair of balances, which pitched up and down like a banca in a storm. From them he asked again the way to the Sun's house, and they told him and asked him to speak to the mother of the Sun as to why they were condemned to ride the limb of a tree like a boat in a storm.

He went on to the next mountain and there he saw two poor, lean cattle feeding on rich grass. From them also he inquired the direction of the Sun's house, and they told him and requested that he ask the mother of the Sun why they were always lean and fed on rich herbage. He promised and passed on to the next mountain, and there he saw a black ox eating nothing but earth and still fat and sleek. This animal told him how to find the Sun's house and wished to know of the mother of the Sun why he was always fat though he ate only dust.

The enchanter gave his word and went on. At last, late in the afternoon, he arrived at the Sun's house and went boldly upstairs. The mother of the Sun met him and inquired his business, which he told her, and then she told him that he was in great danger, for if her son, the Sun, came home and found him there he would eat him. The enchanter told her that he would not go away without the medicine, and at last the mother of the Sun agreed to hide him; so she wrapped him up so that the Sun could not smell him when he came in and carried him up to the seventh story of the house. There he was to remain until the next morning after the Sun had started off on his journey across the Heavens.

Soon the Sun came in and asked his mother where the man was, but his mother told him there was none and gave him such a fine supper that he forgot about the man, though he remarked once or twice that he certainly thought he smelled man. At last morning came, and when the Sun was far enough away to leave no danger, the mother of the Sun gave the enchanter the medicine that he wanted and started him off on his long journey. She told him, too, the answer to the questions asked by the cattle, the men, and the tree.

When he came to the black ox which lived on the dust, he told it that it was always fat because it was going to Heaven, and it was glad.

To the two oxen which fed on rich pasture and yet were poor, he said that they were so because they were condemned to Hell, and they were sorrowful.

To the men sitting in the pair of balances, he said that they were there because of their sins, and they became sad.

To the tree on which the birds never lit, he said that it was because it was made out of silver and gold, and the tree rustled its leaves in pride.

Finally he came to his cave, and there instead of the bodies of seven young children he saw the bodies of seven handsome young men, for they had grown greatly while he was away. He gave them the medicine, and they at once stood up. Then he told them all of his adventures.

When the boys heard the story, the youngest, who was a dare-devil, set out to find the gold and silver tree and from its branches he shook down a great quantity of gold and silver leaves, which he carried back to the enchanter. The enchanter was proud of the boy and yet angry with him for his rashness, but no one could be angry with him for long, for he was a gentle lad.

The enchanter then took the gold and silver and made clothes for them of cloth of gold, silver sabres, golden belts, and a golden trumpet

for the youngest, and sent them away on a Sunday morning to church in the city where the king lived. As they came up close to the city wall, the trumpeter lad blew a merry blast on his horn, and the king sent out to inquire who they might be and to invite them to dinner after church. So they went to the palace after church and sat down to the king's table, and the dishes were brought on. The enchanter had warned them to eat nothing until they had fed a little to a dog, and one of the boys gave some meat to a dog that was with them. The dog was dead in a moment.

The king, ashamed, ordered everything to be changed and new cooks put into the kitchen, for of course he knew nothing of the wickedness against his sons, whom he did not recognize as yet. The boys now very respectfully requested that the woman chained in the hut be brought to the table with them, though they did not know why they should ask such a thing. So the king took his sword and with his own hands, from shame, set his wife free, and had her dressed as a queen and brought to the table. The jewel still glowed on her forehead. As they sat at the table, a stream of milk miraculously coming from the breast of the mother passed to the mouth of the youngest son. Then the king understood, and when he had heard the story of the sons he put the queen again into her rightful place and caused the wicked stepmother and her two accomplices to be pulled to pieces by wild horses.

The king, the queen, and the seven princes, having made an end of their rivals, lived long and happily together.

B.¹

There were once a man and his wife who had one daughter who was very beautiful, named Maria. The man fell in love with a widow who had three children. One day while he and his wife were on the river in a boat, he pushed her out and she was drowned. Then he married the other woman, who was as wicked as he. Poor Maria, with all her beauty, became the household drudge, condemned to do all the dirty work, and forever black with soot. One day while she was washing by the river-bank there came from the river a large female crab, which said to her, "Take me home, cook me, but though the others may eat me you must not. Save only my shell and bury that in the garden." All this Maria did. Although the others asked her why she would not eat the crab, she would not taste it, and she buried the shell in the garden. From the shell there grew a beautiful lukban² tree, which had three great fruits. One Sunday she

¹ Related by a woman of about sixty years of age, at Pola, Mindoro, October, 1903.

² The grape fruit of the United States.

bathed herself, washed the soot from her face and went to the lukban tree. Opening one of the fruits, she took out a magnificent dress with jewels and a beautiful horse. Arraying herself, she placed herself on the horse's back and was carried to the church.

The king was there and wished to speak with the beautiful princess, for by her dress she must be such; but as soon as the priest had pronounced the benediction she slipped out the door.

The king ordered all his soldiers to follow, but so swift was her horse that all they could bring him was one of the little slippers that fell from the foot of the girl as she rode. With this the king could not be content, and so he ordered that all women with little feet be brought to him to try on the shoe.

The soldiers went here, there, and everywhere looking for little feet, but the shoe would fit none. At last they came to the house of Maria's father. Now Maria had a very small foot while those of her stepsisters were large, so the stepmother wrapped Maria in an old mat and put her above on the rafters, telling her that she must not move. The soldiers searched the house. Said one of them, "Surely that is some one wrapped in that mat." "Oh, no," said the stepmother, "that is only a bundle of old rags." But the soldier pricked it with his sword, which forced poor Maria to cry out. The soldiers then had her wash her face and were astonished at her beauty. So they took her to the king and the shoe fitted exactly. The king married her with great feasting and pomp, and they lived very happily for a while. But the duties of state carried the king to a distant city, and as he was expecting the birth of an heir, he gave orders that she should be carefully watched that no enemy should reach her.

Finally the heir was born, but instead of one, there were seven handsome little princes. But the wicked stepmother, by some artifice, gained access to the chamber and there substituted seven new-born little puppies, with their eyes yet closed. The news that the queen had brought forth puppies was carried to the king, and he gave orders that they and their mother should be well treated but that they should be placed in a room outside of the palace walls, and that none should be allowed to see them.

The real princes, so wickedly stolen, were carried by the stepmother in a basket to the mountains and there exposed. But by a miracle they survived,¹ and when they had grown into handsome boys their nurse sent them to town to church. As they went by the room where their mother was imprisoned they all turned and bowed most courteously to the occupant. At the church they attracted much attention, and by the king's order they were bidden to dinner at the royal

¹ They are said to have been cared for by some one called "mother of the sun" or "mother of the day." The phrase "*ina nang arao*" may take either meaning.

table. But by their nurse's directions they were not to eat unless their mother sat at the table too. The king, willing to oblige such handsome boys, all dressed exactly alike, and alike in face and manner, ordered that his wife be released and given a place at the table.

So the boys seated themselves, three on one side of the queen and four on the other, and behold a miracle, for the queen's breasts filled with milk, which streamed to the mouths of the seven boys. Then the king learned of the deception that had been put upon him, and he ordered that the wicked stepmother be taken out and dragged to pieces by horses, and it was done.

As for the king, Queen Maria, and the seven princes, long and happily they lived and blessed they died.

Fletcher Gardner.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

COMPARATIVE NOTE.

The character of the story above presented, being a version of the most popular of all folk-tales, can be exhibited by brief comparisons. Such method of treatment has been made easy by the very valuable and praiseworthy collection of Marian Roa.ïe Cox (*Cinderella*, Publications of the Folk-Lore Society, xxxi, D. Nutt, London, 1893). Miss Cox brought together abstracts of more than three hundred printed variants, being as many as at the time were accessible, arranged in such manner as to be easily consulted. Among versions since published, so far as the knowledge of the present writer extends, this Tagalog tale is the most suggestive.

To English readers the tale is known in two forms, both obtained from foreign printed sources, namely, the *Cendrillon* of Charles Perrault (1697) and the *Aschenputtel* of the brothers Grimm (1812; some confusion arises from the use by translators of the name Cinderella, adapted from the French of Perrault). These histories, circulated in England through translations, extinguished the native oral versions of the international novelette, which long before Perrault had become favorite in a hundred lands; printed examples include, beside all European countries, Asia Minor, India, Syria, and Japan, Arabs and Kaffirs, Brazil, Chili, and the West Indies; Asiatic, African, and American variants, however, seem to present the character of relatively recent importations from Europe.

In its numerous varieties, the tale exhibits a simple outline, which may be indicated in a few words. An orphan girl is maltreated by a cruel stepmother, but (according to the rule in such cases) supernaturally assisted. She is subjected to menial services which associate her with ashes of the hearth, whence she derives a foul exterior of a nature to disguise her beauty and intelligence. At her request her guardian genius bestows the apparel necessary to permit attendance on a festival to which her sisters are invited; in this new costume she shines with such brilliancy as to become the belle of the assembly, and to win the heart of the king's son; the necessities of her life compel her to retire from the gay scene in time sufficient to reassume her ordinary appearance and habits; she is pursued by her lover, but the suddenness of transformation protects her, and she resumes her domestic servitude. This happens three times, and on the last occasion she drops a slipper of which the elegance indicates the shape of the wearer. In order to discover the unknown beauty all maidens of the land are required to try on the

shoe, but without success, until at last the messengers charged with the duty think of experimenting on the ash-girl. Recognition and a happy marriage ensue.

As usual and necessary, the theme, in spite of a general concordance, exhibits many variations. Perrault's version makes the protecting influence that of a fairy "godmother," Grimm's of a helpful animal (at bottom representing a "familiar spirit" of the family, in animal shape, inhabiting the house). The German form, like many other variants, introduces also the tree growing on the grave of the mother (and supposed to be tenanted by her soul). It would be idle to inquire which idea is the more original; these are only different ways of applying the divine protection. When the father of the children bids them ask for gifts to be brought from the city, and her stepsisters elect splendid presents, the ash-girl, according to Grimm, asks him to bring her the branch of a tree. This request is explained by the oldest extant version, that of the Italian Basile, who in his *Pentamerone* (1636) introduced as the sixth tale of the first day *La gatta cerenentola* (Ash-cat). The girl has received promise of aid from a fairy in the form of a dove, whose home is in Sardinia; she therefore asks her father to greet the fairy dove, and bring back what the latter chooses to send. The father's ship is detained at sea, by invisible hands, and not released until he visits the neighboring fairy grotto, where he receives a palm branch; this the heroine plants, and it grows into a tree from which she obtains her dresses. With Perrault we hear only that the sisters were unsuccessful; but in the German tale and other forms, by a natural but not original addition, they endeavor to fit the shoe by mutilating their feet, and are only detected by the song of doves (originally the fairy protectress), who denounce the imposture, but approve the true bride. In Grimm the false sisters suffer blinding from the doves, while Perrault has chosen to civilize the story by making Cendrillon act a generous and forgiving part. With him, also, the slipper is of glass (as a fairy material); and where these two traits appear, it is tolerably safe to assume the influence of the French printed form, which has itself redescended into folk-lore and had a wide diffusion.

The Tagalog tale is divisible into two parts; the first portion only corresponds to *Cendrillon*. The story has evidently come through the medium of Spanish occupation; by good fortune the Spanish tale has been preserved in a variant from Chili, which for the sake of comparison may be literally rendered. ("Maria la Cenicienta," in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Españolas*, i, 114.)

MARIA THE ASH-GIRL.

To tell, one must know, and to know, one must listen.

Once on a time was an old woman, who had a daughter named Maria. Not far away was a neighbor, to whose house Maria went daily after embers to light the fire, and who used to give her sops soaked in honey. One day she said: "Tell your father to marry me, and I will always give you sops in honey." Maria went to her father and said: "Father, marry our neighbor, for she is good to me, and gives me honeyed sops." But her father said: "No, Maria; now she gives you sops, but by and by she will give you gall." However, at last her father said that he would marry the neighbor, but she was not to complain if she found herself ill-treated.

The neighbor had a daughter, also named Maria, who was of the same age. The father married the neighbor, who directly began to abuse Maria, because she was prettier than her own girl. She slapped her face, thrust her into the kitchen with soiled clothing, and called her Ash-girl. Now, Maria had a heifer, with which she amused herself all day long; and the crone, who was jealous, besought her husband to give her own child a heifer too. As if that was not enough, she told Maria to kill it, because she did no work, but played with it all day. The father

thought it hard, but was obliged to consent, for fear that his wife would make it worse for Maria. So the crone called her, and said : " To-morrow you must have the heifer killed, for you are a lazy-bones, and do nothing but amuse yourself."

Then the girl took to kissing the heifer, who said : " Maria, don't cry ; when they kill me, beg leave to let you wash my heart and liver, where you will find a wand of virtue, which will give you all you desire. Take care of it, and conceal it in your belt, so that it may not be seen."

The next day they killed the heifer, and Maria went to the river to wash the heart, where she found a wand. When she had done, and put the parts in a jar, it floated down stream. She burst out crying, for she was sure that her stepmother would beat her ; and while she was weeping, up came an old woman with a blue dress, who said : " Maria, why do you cry ? " " How can I help crying ? My jar has floated away with the pieces I washed, and when my stepmother knows, she will beat me to death." " Do not cry," said the woman ; " go to yonder hut at the water's edge and sleep, while I get the pieces." Maria went to the hut, but instead of resting she swept the room, made a fire, and got supper ; after that, she went to sleep. Soon there was a knock, and when she opened the door, there stood the jar ; she took it, and went home.

" Why so late ? " asked her stepmother. Maria said that the jar had floated off, and that an old woman had gone to look for it while she slept in a hut ; when she awoke, it was at the door. " What is that on your forehead ? " said the crone. " I do not know," answered the girl. They brought a mirror, and when she looked, she saw that she had a star on her forehead. Her stepmother tried to rub it away, but the more she scoured, the sweeter and brighter grew the star. So they made her wear a bandage, that none might perceive how superior she was. The other Maria said to the crone : " Mother, bid them kill my heifer, and I will go wash the pieces, so that I may get a star on my forehead, like the ash-girl."

Her mother bade it be killed, and the girl went to the river to wash ; when she was done, the jar floated away, and she pretended to be grieved. The old woman in blue came and asked : " Why do you cry, my child ? " " How can I help crying ? My jar has floated down the stream." The stranger answered : " Sleep in yonder hut, and when you wake, you will find the jar." The girl went in a rage, and said : " How, sleep in this dirty cabin, I ? " She waited in disdain, and after a while rose, opened the door, and found her jar ; she took it and went home. When her mother saw her, she said : " Maria, what is that on your forehead ? " They brought a mirror, and when she looked she saw that it was the wattles of a turkey gobbler. Her mother tried to take it away, but the more she pulled the larger and uglier it became, so that at last, not knowing what else to do, she covered it up with a piece of silk.

One day there was a dance at court, which Maria desired to attend ; she drew out her wand, and asked for clothes, a coach and servants, and all that was needful to go as a fine lady. Presently she found before her beautiful clothes, with whatever else she wanted ; and when she put them on, if she was pretty before, she was prettier now. While the rest were asleep, she went to the dance, and as she arrived, there was such applause that the king's son came forth to see. The hall was illumined with the star she had on her brow, and when the prince saw, he was so charmed that all night long he would dance with no one else. When it was time to go, she jumped into her coach in such haste that she dropped one of her glass slippers ; the prince could not overtake her, but only kept the shoe. The next day, he bade his servants search the town and bring the lady, so that he might marry her. They went from house to house, but could find no one whom the slipper fitted. When they came to the house her stepmother bade her daughter bind up her feet, so that she might make them small enough to put on the slipper

and marry the prince ; lest Maria should be seen, they hid her behind a tub. Now the crone's daughter had a parrot, and when the men came to try on the shoe, it cried out : " Ha, ha ! It's Turkey-crest who's standing there ; for Star-on-brow look behind the tub ! " After it had shrieked this many times, they said : " Let us see what the parrot is talking about ; " and when they looked behind the tub, there was Maria. They made her come out and try the slipper, which fitted perfectly, while every one perceived here was the lady who had been at the ball. They conducted her to the prince, in spite of all the crone's fuss ; the prince married her, and there was a royal wedding which lasted a long time ; so ends the story.

A comparison of the Spanish and Tagalog versions with that of Perrault gives a lesson in respect to the diffusion of *märchen*. In the glass slipper and other traits, the Spanish shows the influence of the printed form, from which, however, it is not exclusively derived ; according to the usual rule, we have the " contamination " of one form of the tale by others. In the Spanish the elegance of the French author has become homely and idiomatic ; while in the Tagalog a crocodile replaces the fairy, and by a rude duplication a crab assists in scouring the part of the heroine's body inaccessible to the fingers. Otherwise, the story has undergone no essential alteration.

It is, however, the sequel of the Tagalog narrative that makes its most interesting part ; to explain its significance it is necessary to notice another form of the Cinderella story, namely, the tale which in Perrault goes by the name of *Peau d'Ane* (Ass-skin), which Grimm calls *Allerleirauh*, and in English has formerly been popular as a nursery rhyme under the title of *Catskin*.

According to this story, a king has made his dying wife a promise that he will take for his second wife no lady who does not resemble herself. The only woman who meets this condition is his own daughter, whom he therefore proposes to marry. In order to put him off, the maiden requires the king to procure for her wonderful dresses, of which the last is the skin of an animal ; this she dons, and so disguised flies to the wilderness, taking with her a receptacle containing the gowns. She is found by a prince hunting in the wood (from Perrault's version this trait has dropped out), who conveys her to his palace, where, as savage and foul of aspect, she is assigned menial tasks. From time to time she amuses herself in secret by donning her gay attire, and on one of these occasions is seen by the prince, who falls in love with the unknown beauty. Unable to trace her, the youth falls sick, and is tended by the servant, whence discovery and marriage. Instead of a slipper, a ring bestowed by the lover serves as means of recognition. The resemblance with the tale of Cinderella, which is at bottom only another version, has often occasioned admixture.

As there was a very good reason for the modification of *Peau d'Ane*, namely, the odiousness of the initial trait, and as otherwise the Cinderella version presents a more modern and sophisticated type, there can hardly be much doubt that the latter tale is merely a modification of the former. According to traditional ideas, the assumption of the animal skin would be equivalent to transformation into the beast ; this situation occurs in the version earliest in order of time, that of Basile, in which the princess really becomes a bear. According to the usual manner of conception of inquirers, who, like Mr. Andrew Lang, designate their method as " anthropological," the presence of such primitive traits would be enough to establish that the story, in origin if not in entirety, remounted to a " primitive " state of society in which such alteration of shape was supposed to be common, and quite within the power of distinguished or specially endowed persons ; however, in the present instance, this view would be incorrect, seeing that

the barbaric or mythological elements, far from being original, have been superinduced, and imposed on a narrative in the first instance of a literary character.

In order to comprehend the nature and evolution of this folk-tale, it is necessary to take into account a series of compositions which in the Middle Age and even in modern times have enjoyed great popularity, those namely which deal with the adventures of a daughter sought in marriage by her father. The oldest version places the scene in England, and brings the tale of the persecuted beauty into connection with the monastery of St. Albans, founded in 793 by Offa of Mercia. The latter, at the time when the ancient tomb of Albanus is discovered, remembers an unfulfilled vow made by an earlier Offa, a son of Warmund, who had bound himself to establish a foundation out of gratitude for the recovery of his lost wife and children, under the following circumstances.

In the course of a hunt, Offa is separated by a storm from his companions, and wanders devious in a pathless wood. He hears the cry of a woman, proceeds in that direction, and in the depths of the forest finds a beautiful and magnificently attired maiden. In answer to questions she reveals herself as the daughter of a king of Northumberland, who has fallen in love with her, and has used all possible inducements and threats to induce her to marry him; in consequence of her obstinacy, he had commanded that, her hands and feet having been cut off, she should be taken to the wilderness and left to the mercy of wild beasts. The squires charged with the execution of the order had taken pity on her so far as to forbear mutilation; abandoned in the desert, she had supported herself on the fruits of the wild. The king, who is a widower, takes her to the cell of a neighboring hermit, and on the morrow conducts her to his country, where she lives, in what manner we do not learn. Some years after, nobles of the realm insist on Offa's marriage; after many evasions, he bethinks himself of the unfortunate beauty, whom he prefers to the many candidates for his hand. When he is absent in Northumbria, engaged in war against the Scots, his wife bears twins, a boy and a girl; letters are sent announcing the happy deliverance; these, however, fall into the hands of the king of Northumberland, who has married a daughter of Offa by a first marriage; the son-in-law (presumably desiring to succeed by right of his wife) substitutes a forgery announcing that the queen has given birth to monsters (in the Middle Age a criminal charge). Offa, who has come off victorious in war, replies with an order that his wife be tenderly cared for; but the traitorous Northumbrian again substitutes a missive, in which the husband is made to declare that he has suffered a defeat, attributable to his having wedded a witch, whom therefore he directs to be deprived of feet and hands, and cast out into the forest. The executors of the mandate once more are affected by the queen's beauty, and content themselves with massacring the children, and leaving her to her fate. This fortunately takes place near the cell of the hermit aforementioned, who hearing voices of woe, goes to the scene, consoles the lady, and by his prayers reanimates the children, giving the three shelter in his cell, where they remain for an indefinite period. On Offa's return to his country, he discovers what has happened, and is inconsolable. In the course of a hunt, he accidentally comes to the cell, remembers the locality, and bursts into tears. The hermit, recognizing the king, calls the mother, who at the moment is engaged in bathing her children; a joyous recognition ensues, and, as already noted, Offa vows to found a monastery.

The tale, it will be observed, is not properly to be called a legend, seeing that the son of Offa does not become a saint, and has nothing to do with Albanus; the association with St. Albans must therefore be artificial and literary. As pointed out by Hermann Suchier (Paul and Braune, *Beiträge*, etc., iv, 1877, 500) the Warmund of the Life is mentioned in *Beowulf* as Garmund; but the story now under consideration bears marks of later taste, and has probably been referred to a hero with whom it had no original connection.

The next appearance of the tale is in a French romance (still unedited, which, by laying the scene in England, indicates probable derivation from that country (and the existence of lost Anglo-Norman sources)); this anonymous composition, of the thirteenth century, which has enjoyed immense popularity, recites, in more than twelve thousand Alexandrines, the fortunes of *La Belle Helaine*, princess of Constantinople (the verse, together with prose versions, has been abstracted by R. Ruths, Greifswald, 1897). Anthoine, emperor of Constantinople, having lost by death his wife, a niece of Pope Clement, desires to marry his daughter, and for that purpose procures a papal dispensation. Helaine flies in a boat, and after many adventures is cast ashore in England, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. While engaged in hunting King Henry finds her, and dazzled by her beauty marries her. He quits England to aid the Pope against infidels, leaving his wife in charge of the Duke of Gloucester. When visiting the Pope, he recognizes the portrait of his wife, and through Clement becomes cognizant of the lineage and history which she has scrupulously concealed. Helaine has two boys; by substitution of letters his stepmother makes the king believe that the queen has been delivered of two monsters (puppies, according to the prose). He bids his wife be well treated, but a letter is substituted ordering her to be burned. The seneschal, whose duty it is to perform this mandate in the first place, cuts off her hand with the marriage ring as a token of faithful performance, but afterwards repents, and burns his own niece instead; the severed hand is hung about the neck of one of the children, and the three set adrift in an oarless boat; this comes to land, but while the heroine is asleep, wild beasts carry off her children, who are rescued by the hermit. Helaine, thinking her sons destroyed, reëmbarks, and after many happenings at last reaches Tours. The boys grow up in the cell, and when they have arrived at the age of sixteen years, set out to seek their parents; they arrive at Tours, where they are christened, and one takes the name of Martin, the other of Brice; their own mother approaches them as a beggar, and receives abundant alms, but there is no recognition. Meanwhile the repentant Anthoine wanders the world in quest of his daughter, taking occasion the while to instruct the heathen; he reaches England, and visits Henry; the sorrowful princes exchange stories, and Henry joins the Emperor in his search; the two come to Tours, where Helaine, aware of their presence, and in terror of their anger, avoids them, and uses the disguise of blackening her face. At table, King Henry is served by his own sons, and remarks the box containing the hand, which continues to be suspended about the neck of Brice; this is opened, and the wedding ring tells the tale, the princes are owned, and the innocence of the queen made plain. Helaine flies to Rome, where she sees her uncle the Pope, but instead of revealing herself, asks permission to sleep as a mendicant under the stair. Henry and Anthoine engage in a crusade, but at Acre hear the story of the Pope's handless beggar, and suspect that this is the long-sought lady; Henry repairs to Rome, but Helaine has disappeared. Finally the heroine returns to Tours, where she is arrested, and the kings find her; she is assured of affection; Martin places his mother's hand, which has remained supernaturally fresh, on the stump of her arm, and by a miracle effects its restoration. In later days he becomes Saint Martin of Tours.

Belle Helaine was followed, during the remainder of the Middle Age and into modern time, by a long series of counterparts, imitations, reconstructions, reductions in prose, popularizations, and dramatizations (enumerated by Suchier in his edition of the *Manekine* of Philip of Beaumanoir, 1884; see Cox, xlvii-lxvi). To discuss the relations of these versions to the *Helaine*, and of the latter to the *Life of Offa*, would be quite beyond the scope of this note; it is enough to say that these works are, in the main, to be looked on as literary fiction, varied and rear-

ranged according to the pleasure of the novelists who composed them, and that the earliest example, the *Life of Offa*, is to be taken as presumably representing, in outline, the initial member of the series.

A pleasing example of the manner in which the romance was reduced into a folk-book is supplied by a Catalan tale contained in a manuscript of the fifteenth century (edited by Suchier, *Romania* 30 (1901), 519 ff.). In outline, the narrative proceeds as follows. The wife of Constantine, emperor of Rome, the most beautiful lady of her time, on her deathbed asks and obtains from her husband a boon; this she defines to be, that the emperor shall marry no successor who cannot wear her glove; she dies leaving a daughter. In course of time the lords of the realm insist on the marriage of their sovereign, who becomes enamoured of the princess, the only person able to fulfil the condition. The girl refuses, and her father orders her to be slain in the forest; the squires charged with execution of the sentence, moved by the entreaties of the maiden, put her on board a vessel bound for Spain. There she is sheltered and finally adopted by a rich couple living a retired life in the country. The young king of Spain, while hawking, is led to take a lonely path, and obtains lodging at the house of the rich man. Here he is waited on by the girl, and is so much struck by her beauty and grace, that he asks leave to take her to court at Seville, where he puts her in charge of his mother. At a later time, the barons require him to take a wife, and he chooses the stranger, greatly to the indignation of his mother. The queen is with child, but the king of Granada invades the realm, and he is forced to take the field, leaving his queen in charge of his seneschal, with directions that news be sent of her safe delivery. This takes place, and the child is a beautiful boy; but the messenger has occasion to pass the convent in which lives the queen mother, who changes the letters in such manner as to convey intelligence that the infant is female, and as black as a Saracen. Nevertheless, the king bids his wife be tenderly cared for; but again the exchange is effected, and the seneschal commanded to burn both mother and child. Once more the queen is spared, but put on board a ship bound for the Levant, which touches at Rome; here she supports herself by asking alms for the love of God, and daily comes to the distribution of bread made by the emperor, who notices her resemblance to his lost daughter. The king, her husband, returns victorious to Seville, discovers the fraud, and wreaks vengeance by burning the convent in which his mother abides. He falls sick, and makes a vow in case of recovery to make a pilgrimage to Rome; here he is received by the emperor, and at table relates his history. The queen, meantime, with her six-year-old son, is waiting in the court, from which she can see the feasters; the sequel is too pretty to be condensed. "My son, do you see the lord who is placed next the emperor?" "My mother, I see him well." "My son, know, 'tis your father. See this ring; go to him, kneel at his feet and kiss his hand, and say: 'My father, take this ring, which my mother sends you!'" And directly the infant did what his mother bade, and went as fast as he could till he came before the king of Spain; and when the king saw how lovely was the creature, he was pleased, and marvelled at the words, and more at the ring; directly, he looked at the ring which he had on his own hand, and saw that the two were alike. He knew that it was the ring with which he had wedded his wife, and he said to the emperor: "O Lord, prithee fetch hither the lady who hath sent me this ring." . . . And when the lady entered, the king knew her, and rose, and went to meet her, embracing her, and kissing her hands; and for the joy they felt, both fell in a faint, one this way and the other that. And when he saw, the emperor was distressed, and bade water be brought, and poured on their hands and faces, so that they came to their senses, and stood on their feet. And directly the queen knelt at the emperor's feet, and cried: "Sire, know that you are my father, and I your daughter, and the king of Spain, here

present, is my husband and your son by marriage.' 'Ah, God!' cried the emperor, 'how may this be? If it were true, happy were I! I pray you tell, for if 't is true, never was man so fortunate as myself!'"

The theme is also treated in numerous märchen, which for the most part are to be regarded as merely echoes of *Belle Helaine*. Suchier, using the assistance of Reinhold Köhler, was able to enumerate tales in sixteen languages, including Greek, Tartar, Arab, and Swahili; at the present day, no doubt, research might greatly add to the number. The theme is varied in every possible manner and combined with other tale-elements; an example being the story of Grimm, No. 31, "The Maid without Hands." It is here that belongs the Tagalog narration, which, however, for the first part of a two-act story has substituted a modern version of Cinderella, and also intercalated a history in origin also European, but originally independent.

The enchanter, in the version here printed, restores the slaughtered children through the virtue of a medicine obtained from the Sun. A sun-journey essentially identical is recounted in a French-Breton tale (F. M. Luzel, *Contes populaires de Basse-Bretagne*, Paris, 1887, i, 41). The sister of Yvon, a simple youth, has been married by a handsome stranger, who (although not expressly so stated) turns out to be the Sun in person, and is conveyed to his house, called the Crystal Castle; Yvon resolves to visit his sister, and after infinite hardships arrives at her abode, where he finds the husband, who comes only by night. From motives of curiosity, Yvon wishes to accompany him in his daily wanderings, and obtains permission, on the terms that he is not to speak or touch anything. The husband rises as a ball of fire, taking with him the guest; an extract will show the correspondence, as well as the confusion introduced in the Filipino form. The Breton tale makes the visitor inquire: "What means this, brother? Never have I seen the like; cows and oxen sleek and fat, in a land of sand and stone, while yonder, in that rich meadow, standing in grass to the belly, are cattle so pitifully lean, that they seem like to die of hunger." "Brother, this is the significance. The cows and oxen, sleek and fat, in a dry and sandy plain, these are the poor, who, content with the state to which God has assigned them, envy not the goods of another; while the lean cattle, in the mead where they stand in grass to the belly, who continually quarrel and seem likely to starve, are the rich, who, never satisfied with their possessions, always endeavor to amass wealth at the expense of others, forever quarrelling and striving."

Yvon sees also two trees which constantly clash with such force as to scatter fragments. By interposing his staff he puts an end to the disturbance, and is blest by the trees, who once had been husband and wife, but as penalty for incessant wrangling have been condemned to remain in this purgatorial condition until pitied by a charitable person, and who, thanks to his intervention, will now be able to enter paradise.

The hero gets little profit either from his passion for knowledge or his benevolence; seeing that he has contravened the injunction against asking and touching, he is denied leave to proceed, but set down on the spot. After long wanderings, he arrives at home, finds that two generations have elapsed, and meets the usual fate of Rip Van Winkles, being rewarded only with a pious death, and the hope of hereafter rejoining his sister in the Crystal Castle.

If this appendix be eliminated, the Tagalog variant offers an excellent example of the second part of the tale, being indeed the most interesting which I have noticed. Closely akin is the Italian novelette which Straparola, in his *Piacevoli notte* (1550), introduced as the Fourth Fable of his First Book. Tebaldo, prince of Salerno, has promised his dying wife to marry no one whom her ring will not fit; the only person who fulfils this requirement is the princess Doralice, who is

accordingly persecuted by her father, but hidden by her nurse; she escapes, and is married to a king of Britain. Tebaldo visits Britain, murders the children, and contrives that the bloody knife shall be found in the possession of the queen, who accordingly is buried alive as far as the waist, but carefully nourished. Subsequently the queen's innocence is attested by the nurse; she is released, and the guilty father punished. Straparola keeps to his source in leaving the children to perish; following the impulse of a popular narrator, the Tagalog version resuscitates them. The foundation of the incident is to be found in the literature of the cycle. The history of Merelaus the Emperor (F. J. Furnivall, *Originals and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, London, 1872-, p. 57) describes the manner in which the empress is found hanging on an oak and taken to the castle of an earl. The earl's steward tempts the lady, and when repulsed murders the child of the countess, and contrives to put the bloody knife into the hand of the empress. Nicholas Trivet (early fourteenth century) makes Lady Hermengild, entertainer of the heroine Constance, herself become the victim of the treacherous lover; the bloody knife is produced, and Constance accused. From Trivet the tale passed to Gower and Chaucer. The folk-tales proceed in the usual manner of simplification, by substituting leading actors for secondary ones; Straparola assigns the murder to the father of the queen, the Filipino variant to the step-mother. The Tagalog narrative is thus affiliated with Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*.

The trait of the imprisonment of the heroine is common to Straparola and the Filipino version. A Spanish ballad preserved in families of Jews exiled from Spain before 1492 (*Revue des Etudes Juives*, xxxii, 1896, 266) makes Delgadilla refuse to marry her father; as a penalty, she is immured in a tower, where she is fed only on salt meat. These ballads are brief lyric reductions of complicated dramatic narrations; it seems very likely that the song is based on the folk-tale now in question.

In addition to works noted in this brief and hasty account should here be named, "The Constance Saga," A. B. Gough, *Palæstra*, xxiii, Berlin, 1902, and "The Old English Offa Saga," Edith Rickert, *Modern Philology*, ii, Chicago, 1904-05, pp. 29, 321.

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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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VISAYAN FOLK-TALES. II.

THE ENCHANTED RING.

THERE was once a king who had suffered for a long time with a painful disease, in spite of all the efforts of the doctors to cure it. At last he caused a proclamation to be made that whoever could cure him should marry his daughter as a reward.

One day a snake appeared before the king and asked permission to cure him. The king at first refused, but the snake said that his body contained some gall whose power to cure was wonderful, so the king consented to try it, and was soon cured.

The snake was really a prince who had been changed into this form by enchantment. Every night he took on his proper form and went for a walk around the city. His wife once saw him do this, so she asked him to tell her the truth. The snake told her his secret, but forbade her to tell any one, on pain of his leaving her.

One day the other daughters of the king consulted as to how they should find out the truth about their sister's husband. They took their sister into the garden and asked her many questions, but Maria kept silent about the snake's secret. So her sisters fastened her to a tree at the bottom of which was an ant's nest. Maria could not long endure the pain of the bites of the ants and told her sisters the truth. They let her go back home, but she could not find her husband anywhere, and set out to look for him. She asked the birds she met if they had seen him, but they answered that they had flown over all the country around, for hundreds of miles, without seeing him. She was very sorrowful, and at last, worn out with grief and weariness, lay down to sleep under a tree which was barren of leaves, except for three large ones at the very top.

Maria dreamed that her husband was in a house not far away and was dangerously ill. She dreamed, also, that the leaves on the top of the tree under which she was sleeping were the only cure for his sickness. As soon as she awoke, she climbed the tree and got the leaves and took them with her to the house, where she found her husband, just as she had dreamed.

When she came to the door of the house she met a black woman whom she asked about Don Juan, which was the prince's name. The black woman told her that he was sick, and asked her why she had come. Maria replied that she had learned of his sickness and had come to cure him with some leaves. As soon as the negress learned about the leaves, she took them and gave them to the prince, who immediately recovered from his sickness.

The prince had promised to marry any woman who could cure him, and as the black woman had cured him he married her. The negress, seeing that she was ugly, tried to make Maria so also, so she took her as a servant and painted her black; but Maria had an enchanted ring which gave her the power of changing her form. Every night in her room Maria made use of her ring, obtaining by means of it her maids of honor, fine dresses, and a band which played sweet music.

It chanced one night that Don Juan was awakened by the sound of music. He traced it to a certain room, and looking through the key-hole, saw all that was going on in Maria's room. He was greatly astonished and stood watching for a long time. Suddenly he saw Maria take from her ring a pair of scissors. These at a sign suspended themselves in the air, ready, when Maria should give the signal, to fall and pierce her heart. Don Juan rushed into the room and caught the scissors just as they were falling.

Then Maria told him all that had happened to her. She was proclaimed as the prince's true wife, and the black woman was put to death as a punishment for her deception.

THE ENCHANTED SHELL.

In the olden time there lived a man and his wife who had no son. They prayed that they might have a son, even if he were only like a little shell. When their son was born, he was very small, and just like a shell, so he was named Shell.

One day Shell asked permission of his mother to go and get some food. His mother at first would not let him, as she was afraid he would meet some animal which would kill him; but at last she consented, and he set out.

He went to the river, where some women were catching fish and putting them into baskets. One of them laid her basket on the grass near the river and Shell crept into it. In a few minutes the woman picked up her basket and started for home. All at once Shell began to cry "Rain! Rain!" The woman was so frightened at hearing the fishes talk, as she supposed, that she threw down her basket and ran away. Then Shell took the basket full of fish to his mother.

The next day Shell went out again. He saw an old man walking along the road and carrying the head of a cow, so he followed him. The old

man went into the house of a friend, leaving the cow's head hanging on the fence. Shell climbed up the fence and got into the cow's ear, keeping very quiet. When the old man came out of the house he took the head and continued his walk. As he reached a desert place called Cahana-an, the head began to say: "Ay! Ay!" The old man became so frightened that he threw the head away, and Shell carried it home.

Days passed. Shell told his mother that he was in love with a beautiful daughter of the chief and must have her for his wife. The poor mother was amazed and did not want to present his request to the chief. "My dear Shell," she said, "you are beside yourself." But he urged her and urged her, until at last she went. She begged the chief's pardon for her boldness and made known her errand. The chief was astonished, but agreed to ask his daughter if she were willing to take Shell for a husband. Much to his surprise and anger she stated that she was willing to marry him. Her father was so enraged that he exclaimed: "I consider you as being lower than my servants. If you marry this Shell I will drive you out of the village." But Shell and the girl were married, and escaped from the town to a little house in the fields, where they lived in great sorrow for a week. But at the end of that time, one night at midnight, the shell began to turn into a good-looking man, for he had been enchanted at his birth by an evil spirit. When his wife saw how handsome he was, she was very glad, and afterwards the chief received them back into his favor.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

Once upon a time there was a great king who had three sons. The oldest was named Pedro, the next Pablo, and the youngest Juan. One day their father called them to him, and giving each one a small sum of money, said: "Go and seek for yourselves wives, for I am getting old and wish to see you settled down before I die. The one who gets the most beautiful wife shall have the kingdom. In addition to the money I have given you, you may each have a horse from my stables."

Pedro and Pablo rushed off and secured the best horses, so that when Juan, who had stopped to thank his father, arrived at the stable, he found only an old horse, scarcely able to walk. However, he determined to set out; but after getting a mile or so from home, he saw that it was impossible to go farther, so sat down on a well-curb and wept bitterly. While he was weeping, a frog floated to the top of the water and asked what the matter was, and Juan told him all about his trouble. The frog said: "Never mind. Go to sleep for an hour and I will look for a wife for you."

At the end of the hour the frog awoke Juan and said: "Go home now, and tell your father that you have found a wife." Juan did so, and found his brothers at home, each claiming to have found a wife.

Their father said: "I wish to test your wives. Here are three handkerchiefs. Each of you must take one of them to his bride and have it embroidered." They took the handkerchiefs and departed; but Juan, when he had arrived at the well, sat down as before and wept, because he thought that now he would surely be found out.

The frog floated again to the surface of the well and asked Juan what the matter was. Juan replied, "I told my father that I had found a wife, as you bade me, and now he wishes to test my wife, to see if she is a suitable mate for me, and has sent me with this handkerchief for her to embroider. I do not know what to do, for now my father will surely find out that I have deceived him, and I shall be disgraced." The frog said: "Do not worry. Give me your handkerchief and go to sleep for an hour and I will have it embroidered for you." At the end of the hour the frog brought to Juan the handkerchief, all beautifully embroidered. When Juan arrived at home, he found his brothers there, each with his handkerchief beautifully embroidered, but Juan's handkerchief was embroidered the most beautifully of all.

Then their father said: "Your wives, evidently, can embroider well, but I must see how they can cook. Here are three cows. Each of you must take one of them and have your wife cook it." The brothers went off with the cows, but Juan led his cow to the well in which the frog lived, and, as before, sat down and began to weep. After a while the frog came to the top of the water and asked: "Why are you weeping so bitterly?" "Oh, my dear frog! Here is a cow which my father says my wife must cook. What shall I do?" The frog replied: "Go to sleep for an hour and I will cook the meat for you." Juan went to sleep, and at the end of the hour the frog woke him, and showing him the cow cooked whole, said: "Take this home and when you have carried it upstairs, break off one horn and see what will happen." Juan took the roast cow home, and when he arrived there found his brothers before him, with their meat roasted. Juan carried his cow upstairs and each animal was placed upon a table by itself. The king tasted Pedro's meat, and found it too salt. Then he tried Pablo's, and found it not salt enough. When he approached the table on which Juan's meat was laid, Juan broke off one of the cow's horns, and immediately a beautiful service of silver dishes, enough for twelve persons, rolled out, each dish taking its proper place upon the table, with the roast cow in the midst. Then the king and his councillors sat down to the feast, and when they had tasted the meat, they found it just right.

On the next day the king ordered his sons to bring their wives to the palace, so that he might decide which was the most beautiful. Juan was in more trouble than ever, for now he was sure of being discovered; so he went to the well again, weeping bitterly and calling aloud for the frog. In a few minutes the frog appeared, and to him Juan related his

trouble. The frog said: "Under that tree is a hammock; go to sleep in it for an hour, and three women will wake you by shaking the hammock. Take the middle one and return home, for that one is to be your wife." All happened as the frog had said. Juan took the woman home with him, and as he approached the house, his father was looking out of the window. When the king saw how beautiful Juan's wife was, he was so overcome with joy that he fainted. When he had recovered, he declared Juan's wife was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. So to Juan was given the kingdom. Pedro became the palace coachman, and Pablo the cook.

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THE DATTO SOMACUEL.

I.

Datto Somacuel was one of the seven chiefs who, coming from Borneo many years before the Spaniards conquered these islands, settled the Island of Panay. He lived in Sinaragan, a town near San Joaquin, in the southern part of Iloilo Province. His wife's name was Capinangan.

Somacuel went every morning to the seashore to watch his slaves fish with the *sinchoro*, or net. One day they caught many fishes, and Somacuel commanded them:—

"Spread the fish to dry, and take care that the crows do not eat them up."

A slave answered: "Sir, if your treasure inside the house is stolen by the crows, how do you expect those out of doors to be kept safe?" This was said with a certain intonation that made Somacuel conjecture that there was a hidden meaning in it.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Sir, I have to inform you of something that I should have told you long ago. Do not reprove me if I have been backward in telling you of the injury done you by your wife. It was due to my desire to get complete proofs of the truth of my statement."

"End at once your tedious narrative!" said the datto, "What did my wife do?"

"Sir," answered the slave, "she deceives you shamefully. She loves Gorong-Gorong, who is at this very moment in your house jesting at your absence."

"Alas!" said Somacuel, "if this be true he shall pay well for his boldness."

The chief hurried home, intending to surprise the offenders. He carried a fish called *ampahan* in a bamboo tube full of water, going around by a secret way, so as not to be seen. On reaching home he

went up into the attic to observe what was going on, and found that his informant had told the truth.

Gorong-Gorong and Capinangan were engaged in an affectionate dialogue. Involuntarily Somacuel spilled some of the water down, and, fearing that he would be discovered, seized a spear that was hidden in the attic and, dropping it down, dexterously ran Gorong-Gorong through the body, killing him instantly.

"Oh, Diva!" exclaimed Capinangan, kneeling beside the inert corpse, "How shall I be able to take it away without being discovered by Somacuel?"

Somacuel, who had not been seen at all, stayed quietly above, watching what Capinangan would do. Capinangan did not suspect that her husband was there, as he usually did not come home before nightfall. She tried to take the corpse out for burial, but could not carry the heavy body of her unfortunate lover. She must conceal it in some way, and it was dangerous for her to call for aid, lest she might be betrayed to her husband. So she took a knife and cut the body into pieces so that she could take them out and bury them under the house.

After this task was done she managed to wash the blood up. She became tranquil for a moment, believing she would never be discovered. Somacuel, however, had observed all, and he formed a plan for punishing his wife as she deserved. When everything seemed to be calm he crept down, doing his best not to be seen. At the door he called his wife by name. Capinangan was afraid, but concealed her fear with a smile. "Capinangan," said her husband, "cut this fish in pieces and cook it for me."

Capinangan was astonished at this command, because she had never before been treated in this way. They had many slaves to perform such tasks.

"You know I cannot," she said.

"Why not?" asked her husband.

"Because I have never learned how to cut a fish in pieces nor to cook it," she replied.

"I am astonished that you don't know how to cut, after seeing that cutting is your favorite occupation," said Somacuel.

Capinangan then did not doubt that her husband knew what she had done, so she did as he had bidden.

When dinner was ready the husband and wife ate it, but without speaking to each other. After the meal, Somacuel told his wife that he had seen all and should punish her severely. Capinangan said nothing. A guilty person has no argument with which to defend himself. Somacuel ordered his servants to throw Capinangan into the sea. At that time the chief's will was law. Neither pleadings nor tears softened his hard heart, and Capinangan was carried down to the sea and thrown in.

II.

Time passed by; Somacuel each day grew sadder and gloomier. He would have been willing now to forgive his wife, but it was too late.

He said to his slaves: "Prepare a banca for me, that I may sail from place to place to amuse myself."

So one pleasant morning a banca sailed from Sinaragan, going southward. Somacuel did not intend to go to any definite place, but drifted at the mercy of wind and current. He amused himself by singing during the voyage.

One day the crew descried land at a distance. "Sir," they said, "that land is Cagayan. Let us go there to get oysters and crane's eggs." To this their master agreed, and upon anchoring off the coast he prepared to visit the place.

Oh, what astonishment he felt, as he saw, peeping out of the window of a house, a woman whose appearance resembled in great measure that of Capinangan! He would have run to embrace her, had he not remembered that Capinangan was dead. He was informed that the woman was named Aloyan. He began to pay court to her, and in a few weeks she became his wife.

Somacuel was happy, for his wife was very affectionate. Aloyan, on her part, did not doubt that her husband loved her sincerely, so she said to him: —

"My dear Somacuel, I will no longer deceive you. I am the very woman whom you caused to be thrown into the sea. I am Capinangan. I clung to a log in the water and was carried to this place, where I have lived ever since."

"Oh," said Somacuel, "pardon me for the harshness with which I meant to punish you."

"Let us forget what is passed," said Capinangan. "I deserved it, after all."

So they returned to Sinaragan, where they lived together happily for many years.

MAGBOLOTÓ.

There was once a man named Magbolotó who lived in the depths of the mountains. One day on going down to a brook he saw three goddesses bathing in the water. They had left their wings on the bank, and Magbolotó managed to slip down and steal one pair of them. When the goddesses had finished bathing and looked for their wings, they could not find those belonging to the youngest, Macaya. At last the two goddesses put on their wings and flew up to heaven, leaving behind them Macaya, who wept bitterly, since without her wings she could not go home. Then Magbolotó, feigning to have come from a distance, met her and asked: "Why do you weep, lady?"

"Why do you ask, if you will not help me in my trouble?" answered Macaya.

"I will do my best to help you," said Magbolotó, "if you will tell me about it."

So Macaya told him that she had lost her wings, and therefore could not return to her home in heaven.

"I am sorry not to be able to help you out of your trouble," said Magbolotó, "but we terrestrial people do not use wings, nor know where to get them. The only thing I can do for you is to offer you a home with me." Macaya was obliged to accept his offer, since there was nothing else for her to do.

About a year after Macaya became Magbolotó's wife they had a child. One day, as Magbolotó was making rice soup on the hearth, Macaya was swinging the child in a hammock. Accidentally, she noticed a bundle stuck into one of the bamboo posts in the partition. She withdrew the bundle, and upon unrolling it found, oh, joy! her long-lost wings, which Magbolotó had hidden in the hollow bamboo. She at once put them on, and leaving her husband and child, flew up to join her celestial family.

Magbolotó, on missing his wife, began calling loudly for her. As he could not find her, he looked for the wings, and seeing that they were gone, knew at once what had happened. He began to weep bitterly, especially as he did not know how to take care of the child. So leaving it in the care of a relative, he set out to find the way to heaven.

He had walked a great distance when he met North Wind.

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?" asked North Wind.

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me in any way," answered Magbolotó.

"Tell me your trouble and I will help you," said North Wind.

"Well," replied Magbolotó, "I have a wife who came from heaven. But now she has flown away, leaving a little child for me to take care of, and I am in great sorrow. Please show me the way that leads to her home."

"Magbolotó," said North Wind, "I do not know the way, but my brother, East Wind, can tell you. Good-by."

Magbolotó went on his way, and after a while he met East Wind.

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?" asked East Wind.

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me in any way," said Magbolotó.

"Tell me all your trouble and I will help you," answered East Wind.

Then Magbolotó related all his sorrow, just as he had done to North Wind.

"Well," said East Wind, "I do not know the way, but my brother, South Wind, may be able to show it to you. Good-by."

Magbolotó went on, and at last met South Wind.

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?" asked South Wind.

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me in any way," said Magbolotó.

"Tell me your trouble and I will help you," answered South Wind.

Then Magbolotó told him his story, just as he had done to North Wind and East Wind.

"Well," said South Wind, "I do not know the way to heaven, but my brother, West Wind, can tell you the course to be taken to get there. Good-by."

Magbolotó went on and on, and at last met West Wind.

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?" asked West Wind.

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me in any way," answered Magbolotó.

"Tell me your trouble and I will help you," answered West Wind, and Magbolotó did as he was bidden.

"Magbolotó," said West Wind, "I don't know the way to heaven, but my friend, Mr. Eagle, does. Good-by."

Magbolotó went on until he met Mr. Eagle.

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?" asked Mr. Eagle.

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me in any way," answered Magbolotó.

"Tell me your trouble and I will help you," replied Mr. Eagle. Then Magbolotó told Mr. Eagle his trouble.

"Magbolotó," said Mr. Eagle, "get upon my back and I will carry you to your wife's home."

Magbolotó climbed upon Mr. Eagle's back and they flew up until they reached Macaya's house. Then Magbolotó requested Macaya's grandmother, with whom she lived, to let her granddaughter return to earth with him.

"By no means," said the grandmother, "unless you will spread ten jars of luña (a certain very small grain) out to dry and gather them again in the evening."

So Magbolotó spread the jars of luña on the sand, and at noon began to gather them up; but sunset had come before he had gathered more than five handfuls, so he sat down and began to cry like a little boy. The king of the ants heard him, and wishing to help him, asked:—

"Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?"

"Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me."

"Tell me about it and I will help you."

So Magbolotó told the king of the ants all his history, and the condition imposed by the grandmother before he could have his wife, and how impossible it was to fulfil it.

"Well, Magbolotó, you shall be helped," said the king of the ants.

Then he blew his horn, and in a little while all his subjects came, and began picking up the grain and putting it into the jars. In a few moments all the grain was in the jars.

The next morning Magbolotó went to get his wife, but the grandmother stopped him, saying:—

“You shall not take my granddaughter away until you have first hulled a hundred bushels of rice.”

Magbolotó was in despair, for he knew that to hull one hundred bushels of rice would take him not less than one hundred days, and the grandmother required him to do it in one day; so he cried like a child at his misfortune. The king of the rats heard him crying, and at once came to help him.

“Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?” asked King Rat.

“Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me.”

“Relate the matter, and I will.”

Magbolotó told him his trouble. Then the king of the rats called his subjects together and ordered them to gnaw the hulls from the rice. In an instant the rice was all hulled.

The next morning Magbolotó made ready to depart with his wife, but the grandmother stopped him again, saying:—

“You may not go until you have chopped down all the trees you see on that mountain over there.”

There were more than a million trees, so Magbolotó was in great trouble, and as usual he began to weep.

The king of the wild boars heard him and came up, saying:—

“Magbolotó, Magbolotó, why are you weeping?”

“Ask me nothing, if you cannot help me.”

“Relate the matter, and I will.”

Magbolotó related all that had happened to him. Then the king of the wild boars called all his subjects together and set them at work cutting down the trees with their tusks. In a few minutes the trees were all down.

When the grandmother saw that Magbolotó accomplished every task she gave him to do she became tired of trying to think of things for him to do; so she allowed him to depart with Macaya, and leaving the celestial abode they descended to their home on the earth, where they lived happily together for many years.

WHY DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS.

Once upon a time there lived in a certain pueblo a rich man who had a dog and a cat. His only daughter, of whom he was very fond, was studying in a convent in a city several miles distant and it was his custom, about once a week, to send the dog and cat to take her a little present. The dog was so old that he had lost all his teeth, and so

was unable to fight, but the cat was strong and very cunning, and so one could help the other, since the dog knew better how to find the way.

One day the rich man wished to send a magic ring to his daughter, so he called the dog and the cat to him. To the cat he said: "You are very cunning and prudent. You may carry this magic ring to my daughter, but be sure to take very great care of it." To the dog he said: "You are to go with the cat to take a magic ring to my daughter. Take care not to lose the way, and see that no one molests the cat." Both animals promised to do their best and set out immediately.

On the way they were obliged to cross a wide and deep river, over which there was no bridge, and as they were unable to find a boat, they determined to swim across it. The dog said to the cat: "Give me the magic ring." "Oh, no," replied the cat. "Did you not hear the master say just what each of us had to do?"

"Yes, but you are not very good at swimming, and may lose the ring, while I am strong and can take good care of it," answered the dog. The cat continued to refuse to disobey its master, until at last the dog threatened to kill it, and it was obliged to intrust the ring to the dog's keeping.

Then they began to swim across the river, which was so strong that they were about an hour in getting over, so that both became very tired and weak. Just before they came to the other side, the dog dropped the ring into the water, and it was impossible to find it. "Now," said the cat, "we had better go back home and tell our master that we have lost the ring." "Yes," answered the dog, "but I am very much afraid." So they turned back toward home, but as they drew near the house his fear so overcame him that he ran away and was never seen again.

The master was very much surprised to see the cat back so soon, and asked him, "Where is your companion?" The cat was at first afraid to answer. "Where is the dog?" asked the master again. "Oh, he ran away," replied the cat. "Ran away?" said the master. "What do you mean? Where is the ring?" "Oh, pardon me, my master," answered the cat. "Do not be angry, and I will tell you what has happened. When we reached the bank of the river, the dog asked me to give him the ring. This I refused many times, until at last he threatened to kill me if I did not give it to him, and I was obliged to do so. The river was very hard to cross, and on the way the dog dropped the ring into the water and we could not find it. I persuaded the dog to come back with me to tell you about it, but on the way he became so frightened that he ran away."

Then the master made a proclamation to the people, offering a reward to the one who should find his old dog and bring him to him. They could recognize the dog by his being old and having no teeth. The master also declared that when he had found the delinquent he would

punish him by cutting off his tail. He ordered that the dogs all around the world should take part in the search, and so ever since that time, when one dog meets another he always asks: "Are you the old dog who lost the magic ring? If you are, your tail must be cut off." Then instantly both show their teeth and wag their tails to mean no. Since that time, also, cats have been afraid of water, and will never swim across a river if it can be avoided.

THE EAGLE AND THE HEN.

One day the eagle declared his love for the hen. He flew down to search for her, and when he had found her he said: "I wish you to be my mate."

The hen answered: "I am willing, but let me first grow wings like yours, so I can fly as high as you." The eagle replied: "I will do so, and as a sign of our betrothal I will give you this ring. Take good care of it until I come again."

The hen promised to do so, and the eagle flew away.

The next day the cock met the hen. When he saw the ring around her neck he was very much surprised and said: "Where did you get that ring? I think you are not true to me. Do you not remember your promise to be my mate? Throw away that ring." So she did.

At the end of a week the eagle came with beautiful feathers to dress the hen. When she saw him she became frightened and hid behind the door. The eagle entered, crying: "How are you, my dear hen? I am bringing you a beautiful dress," and he showed it to the hen. "But where is your ring? Why do you not wear it?" The hen could not at first answer, but after a little she tried to deceive the eagle, and said: "Oh, pardon me, sir! Yesterday as I was walking in the garden I met a large snake, and I was so frightened that I ran towards the house. When I reached it I found that I had lost the ring, and I looked everywhere for it; but alas! I have not yet found it."

The eagle looked keenly at the hen and said: "I would never have believed that you would behave so badly. I promise you that, whenever you have found my ring, I will come down again and take you for my mate. As a punishment for breaking your promise you shall always scratch the ground and look for the ring, and all your chickens that I find I will snatch away from you. That is all. Good-by." Then he flew away.

And ever since, all the hens all over the world have been scratching to find the eagle's ring.

Note. — The bird of whom this story is told is the dapay, or brahman kite. It is larger than most of our hawks and is more like the eagle in appearance, although not very large.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Mr. Spider was once in love with Miss Fly. Several times he declared his love, but was always repelled, for Miss Fly disliked his business.

One day, when she saw him coming, she closed the doors and windows of her house and made ready a pot of boiling water.

Mr. Spider called to be allowed to enter the house, but Miss Fly's only answer was to throw the boiling water at him.

"Well!" cried Mr. Spider, "I and my descendants shall be avenged upon you and yours. We will never give you a moment's peace."

Mr. Spider did not break his word, for to this day we see his hatred of the fly.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRABS.

One day the land crabs had a meeting. One of them said: "What shall we do with the waves? They sing all the time so loudly that we cannot possibly sleep well at night." "Do you not think it would be well for all of us males to go down and fight them?" asked the eldest of the crabs. "Yes," all replied. "Well, to-morrow all the males must get ready to go."

The next day they started to go down to the sea. On the way they met the shrimp. "Where are you going, my friends?" asked the shrimp. The crabs answered: "We are going to fight the waves, because they will not let us sleep at night."

"I don't think you will win the battle," said the shrimp. "The waves are very strong, while your legs are so weak that your bodies bend almost to the ground when you walk," and he laughed. The crabs were so angry at his scorn that they ran at the shrimp and pinched him until he promised to help them in the battle.

When they reached the shore, the crabs looked at the shrimp and said: "Your face is turned the wrong way, friend shrimp," and they laughed at him, for crabs are much like other people, and think they are the only ones who are right. "Are you ready to fight with the waves? What weapon have you?"

"My weapon," replied the shrimp, "is a spear on my head." Just then he saw a large wave coming, and ran away; but the crabs, who were all looking towards the shore, did not see it, and were killed.

The wives of the dead crabs wondered why their husbands did not come home. They thought the battle must be a long one, and decided to go down and help their husbands. As they reached the shore and entered the water to look for their husbands, the waves killed them.

A short time afterwards, thousands of little crabs, such as are now called fiddlers, were found near the shore. When these children were old enough to walk, the shrimp often visited them and related to them

the sad fate of their parents. And so, if you will watch carefully the fiddlers, you will notice that they always seem ready to run back to the land, where their forefathers lived, and then, as they regain their courage, they rush down, as if about to fight the waves. But they always lack the courage to do so, and continually run back and forth. They live neither on dry land, as their ancestors did, nor in the sea, like the other crabs, but up on the beach, where the waves wash over them at high tide and try to dash them to pieces.

THE MEETING OF THE PLANTS.

Once upon a time plants were able to talk as well as people, and to walk from place to place. One day King Molave, the strongest tree, who lived on a high mountain, called his subjects together for a general meeting.

Then every tree put itself in motion towards the designated spot, each doing its best to reach it first. But the buri palm was several days late, which made the king angry, and he cursed it in these terms:—

“You must be punished for your negligence, and as king I pass upon you this sentence: You shall never see your descendants, for you shall die just as your seeds are ready to grow.”

And from that day the buri palms have always died without seeing their descendants.

WHO BRINGS THE CHOLERA?

The Filipinos, being for the most part ignorant of the laws of hygiene, attribute the cholera to any cause rather than the right one. In general, they believe it to be caused by some evil-minded men, who poison the wells, or, sometimes, by evil spirits, as the following story will show.

Tanag was a poor man who lived in a town in the interior of one of the Philippine Islands. He had nothing to eat, nor could he find any work by which he might earn his food, and so he determined to emigrate. At that time the cholera was at its height.

As Tanag was rather old, he walked so slowly that in a day he had gone but three miles. At sunset he was crossing a sheltered bridge over a smooth brook near the sea, and determined to rest and spend the night there.

During the early part of the night he was all right, but later it occurred to him that he might be seen and killed by the ladrones, who often passed that way.

Below the bridge was a raft of bamboo poles, and he thought it would be wise to get down there, where he could not so easily be seen. But there were many mosquitoes over the water, so that he was unable to sleep. He determined, however, to stay there until day dawned.

At about four o'clock he heard a heavy step upon the floor of the bridge, and by the moonlight he could see that the new-comer was a huge giant with a long club.

A little later another giant came, and Tanag, full of fear, heard the following dialogue:—

“Did you kill many people?”

“Yes, I put my poison on the food, and in a short time those who ate of it were attacked by the cholera and died. And how are you getting along yourself?”

“At first I killed many people with my poison, but now I am disappointed, because they have found out the antidote for it.”

“What is that?”

“The root of the balingay tree boiled in water. It is a powerful antidote against the poison I use. And what is the antidote against yours?”

“Simply the root of the alibutbut tree boiled in water. Luckily, no one has discovered this antidote, and so many people will die.”

In the morning Tanag saw the giants going to the shore, where many people were fishing with their nets. The giants flung their poison on the fish, and then disappeared from Tanag's sight.

Tanag believed that the cholera was caused by the two giants, who poisoned the food and water by sprinkling poison on them, and he did not doubt that the roots of the balingay and alibutbut trees would prove to be the antidotes to the poison. So he gathered the roots and cooked them and advertised himself as a doctor.

In fact he cured many people and earned so much money that he soon became rich.

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TAGALOG FOLK-TALES. I.

1. JUAN GATHERS GUAVAS.¹

THE guavas were ripe, and Juan's father sent him to gather enough for the family and for the neighbors who came to visit them. Juan went to the guava bushes and ate all that he could hold. Then he began to look around for mischief. He soon found a wasp nest and managed to get it into a tight basket. He gave it to his father as soon as he reached home, and then closed the door and fastened it. All the neighbors were inside waiting for the feast of guavas, and as soon as the basket was opened they began to fight to get out of the windows. After a while Juan opened the door and when he saw his parents' swollen faces, he cried out, "What rich fine guavas those must have been! They have made you both so very fat."

2. JUAN MAKES GULAY OF HIS OWN CHILD.

After Juan was married about a year a baby was born, and he and his wife loved it very much. But Juan was always obedient to his wife, being a fool, and when she told him to make *gulay* or stew he inquired of her of what he should make it. She replied of *anac*,¹ meaning *anac nang gabi*.² Then she went away for a while, and when she returned Juan had the *gulay* ready. She asked for the baby and was horrified to learn that Juan had made a stew of his own child, having taken her words literally.

3. JUAN WINS A WAGER FOR THE GOVERNOR.

Juan was well known for a brave man, though a fool, and the priest and the governor wished to try him on a wager. The governor told him that the priest was dead, and ordered him to watch the body in the church that night. The priest lay down on the bier before the altar, and after Juan came the priest arose. Juan pushed him down again and ran out of the church and secured a club. Returning, he said to the priest, "You are dead; try to get up again and I will break you to pieces." So Juan proved himself to be a brave man, and the governor won his wager.

¹ Juan Puson, or "Jack Paunch," as he would be called in English, is a favorite character in Tagalog folk-lore. His adventures are considered to be the height of humor, and a recital of these never fails to be repaid with peals of appreciative laughter. The character is merely a conventional one, to which all sorts of stories, no matter how inconsistent with each of the others, may be attached. Some of the accounts, which deal with the death of Juan and various members of his family by burning, the writer has suppressed as too coarse for Western ideas.

² *Anac*, child.

³ *Anac nang gabi*, young root of the *caladium* plant. It also means "child of the night."

4. JUAN HIDES THE SALT.

Juan's father came into possession of a sack of salt, which used to be very precious and an expensive commodity. He wished it hidden in a secure place and so told Juan to hide it till they should need it. Juan went out and after hunting for a long time hid it in a carabao wallow, and of course when they went to fetch it again nothing was left but the sack.

5. THE MAN IN THE SHROUD.

Juan, being a joker, once thought to have a little fun at others' expense, so he robed himself in a shroud, placed a bier by the roadside, set candles around it, and lay down so that all who went by should see him and be frightened. A band of robbers went by that way, and seeing the corpse, besought it to give them luck. As it happened, they were more than usually fortunate, and when they returned they began to make offerings to him to secure continuance of their good fortune. As the entire proceeds of their adventures were held in common, they soon began to quarrel over the offerings to be made. The captain became angry, and drew his sword with a threat to run the corpse through for causing so much dissension among his men.

This frightened the sham dead man to such a degree that he jumped up and ran away, and the robbers, who were even more frightened than he, ran the other way, leaving all their plunder.

Juan then returned and gathered all the money and valuables left behind by the robbers, and carried them home. Now he had a friend who was very curious to know how he came into possession of so much wealth, and so Juan told him, only he said nothing about robbers, but told his friend, whose name was Pedro, that the things were the direct reward of God for his piety.

Pedro, being afraid of the woods, decided to lie just inside the church door; besides, that being a more sacred place, he felt sure that God would favor him even more than Juan. He arranged his bier with the candles around him, and lay down to await the shower of money that should reward his devotions. When the sacristan went to the church to ring the bell for vespers, he saw the body lying there, and not knowing of any corpse having been carried in, he was frightened and ran to tell the padre. The padre, when he had seen the body, said it was a miracle, and that it must be buried within the church, for the sanctification of the edifice.

But Pedro, now thoroughly frightened, jumped off the bier and ran away, and the priest and the sacristan ran the other way, so the poor man never received the reward for his piety, and the church was deprived of a new patron saint.

6. THE ADVENTURES OF JUAN.

Juan was lazy, Juan was a fool, and his mother never tired of scolding him and emphasizing her words by a beating. When Juan went to school he made more noise at his study than anybody else, but his reading was only gibberish.

His mother sent him to town to buy meat to eat with the boiled rice, and he bought a live crab which he set down in the road and told to go to his mother and be cooked for dinner. The crab promised, but as soon as Juan's back was turned ran in the other direction.

Juan went home after a while and asked for the crab, but there was none, and they ate their rice without *ulam*.¹ His mother then went herself and left Juan to care for the baby. The baby cried and Juan examined it to find the cause, and found the soft spot on its head. "Aha! It has a boil. No wonder it cries!" And he stuck a knife into the soft spot, and the baby stopped crying. When his mother came back, Juan told her about the boil and that the baby was now asleep, but the mother said it was dead, and she beat Juan again.

Then she told Juan that if he could do nothing else he could at least cut firewood, so she gave him a bolo and sent him to the woods.

He found what looked to him like a good tree and prepared to cut it, but the tree was a magic tree and said to Juan, "Do not cut me and I will give you a goat that shakes silver money from its whiskers." Juan agreed, and the bark of the tree opened and the goat came out, and when Juan told him to shake his whiskers, money dropped out. Juan was very glad, for at last he had something he would not be beaten for. On his way home he met a friend, and told him of his good fortune. The man made him dead drunk and substituted another goat which had not the ability to shake money from its whiskers, and when the new goat was tried at home poor Juan was beaten and scolded.

Back he went to the tree, which he threatened to cut down for lying to him, but the tree said, "No, do not kill me and I will give you a magic net which you may cast even on dry ground or into a tree-top and it will return full of fish," and the tree did even so.

Again he met the friend, again he drank *tuba* ² until he was dead drunk, and again a worthless thing was substituted, and on reaching home he was beaten and scolded.

Once more Juan went to the magic tree, and this time he received a magic pot, always full of rice; and spoons always full of whatever *ulam* might be wished, and these went the way of the other gifts, to the false friend.

The fourth time he asked of the tree he was given a magic stick that

¹ Any kind of relish to be eaten with rice, meat especially.

² *Tuba*, fermented juice of cocoa, buri, or nipa palms.

would without hands beat and kill anything that the owner wished. "Only say to it 'Boombye, boomba,' and it will obey your word," said the tree.

When Juan met the false friend again, the false friend asked him what gift he had this time. "It is only a stick that if I say, 'Boombye, boomba,' will beat you to death," said Juan, and with that the stick leaped from his hand and began to belabor the wicked man. "Lintic na cahoy ito ay!¹ Stop it and I will give you everything I stole from you." Juan ordered the stick to stop, but made the man, bruised and sore, carry the net, the pot, and the spoons, and lead the goat to Juan's home. There the goat shook silver from his beard till Juan's three brothers and his mother had all they could carry, and they dined from the pot and the magic spoons until they were full to their mouths.

"Now," said Juan, "you have beaten me and called me a fool all my life, but you are not ashamed to take good things when I get them. I will show you something else. Boombye, boomba!" and the stick began to beat them all. Quickly they agreed that Juan was head of the house, and he ordered the beating to stop.

Juan now became rich and respected, but he never trusted himself far from his stick day or night. One night a hundred robbers came to break into the house, to take all his goods, and kill him, but he said to the stick, "Boombye, boomba!" and with the swiftness of lightning the stick flew around, and all those struck fell dead till there was not one left. Juan was never troubled again by robbers, and in the end married a princess and lived happily ever after.

7. THE ADERNA BIRD.

There was once a king who greatly desired to obtain an *aderna* bird, which is possessed of magical powers, has a wonderful song, and talks like men. This king had a beautiful daughter, and he promised her to any one who would bring him an *aderna* bird. Now the quest for the *aderna* bird is very dangerous, because, if the heart is not pure, the man who touches the bird becomes stone, and the bird escapes.

There were in that country three brothers, Juan, Diego, and Pedro, and they all agreed to set out together to catch the *aderna* bird. Afar in the mountains they saw him, and Diego, being the eldest, had first chance, and he caught the *aderna* bird, but being of impure life he became a stone, and the bird flew away over the mountains.

Juan and Pedro pursued it over the rocky way till at last they saw it again, and Pedro, being the next eldest, essayed to catch it. He, too, being a bad man, was turned into stone and the *aderna* bird flew over another mountain, and Juan, undaunted, followed alone.

When at last he saw the *aderna* bird he made a trap with a mirror

¹ "Lightning blast the stick!"

with a snare in front and soon caught the bird. He made a cage for it and started on his homeward journey. When he reached the stone which was his brother Pedro, he begged the bird to undo its work and make him a man again, and the bird did so. Then the two went on to where Diego was, and again Juan entreated the bird to set the other brother free, and the bird did so.

But Pedro and Diego, far from being grateful for what Juan had done for them, bound him, choked him, beat him, and left him for dead far from any road or any habitation, and went on their way to the king with the *aderna* bird, expecting for one the hand of the princess and for the other a rich reward.

But the *aderna* bird would not sing. Said the king, "O *Aderna* Bird, why do you not sing?" The bird replied, "O Mighty King, I sing only for him who caught me." "Did these men catch you?" "No, O King, Juan caught me, and these men have beaten him and stolen me from him." So the king had them punished, and waited for the coming of Juan.

Juan meanwhile had freed himself from his bonds, and wandered sore and hungry and lame through the forest. At last he met an old man who said to him, "Juan, why do you not go to the king's house, for there they want you very much?" "Alas," said Juan, "I am not able to walk so far from weakness, and I fear I shall die here in the forest." "Do not fear," said the old man, "I have here a wonderful hat that, should you but whisper to it where you wish to go, in a moment you are transported there through the air."

So the old man gave him the hat, and Juan put it on and said, "Hat, if this be thy nature, carry me across the mountains to the king's palace." And the hat carried him immediately into the presence of the king. Then the *aderna* bird began to sing, and after a time Juan married the princess, and all went well for the rest of their lives.

8. THE STORY OF JUAN AND THE MONKEY.

Juan was a farmer, a farmer so poor that he had only one shirt and one pair of trousers. Juan was much annoyed by monkeys, who stole his corn. So he set a trap and caught several of them. These he killed with a club until he came to the last, which said to him, "Juan, don't kill me and I will be your servant all your life." "But I will," said Juan. "You are a thief and do not deserve to live." "Juan, let me live, and I will bring you good fortune, and if you kill me you will be poor all your life." The monkey talked so eloquently that Juan let himself be persuaded, and took the monkey home with him. The monkey was true to his word, and served Juan faithfully, cooking, washing, and hunting food for him, and at night going to distant fields and stealing maize and palay which he added to Juan's little store.

One day the monkey said to Juan, "Juan, why do you not marry?" Said Juan, "How can I marry? I have nothing to keep a wife." "Take my advice," said the monkey, "and you can marry the king's daughter." Juan took the monkey's advice and they set out for the king's palace. Juan remained behind while the monkey went up to the palace alone. Outside he called, as the custom is, "Honorable people!" and the king said, "Come in." The king said, "Monkey, where do you walk?" and the monkey said, "Mr. King, I wish to borrow your *salop*. My master wishes to measure his money." The king lent him the *salop* (a measure of about two quarts), and the monkey returned to Juan. After a few hours he returned it with a large copper piece cunningly stuck to the bottom with paste. The king saw it and called the monkey's attention to it, but the monkey haughtily waved his hand, and told the king that a single coin was of no consequence to his master.

The next day he borrowed the *salop* again and the coin stuck in the bottom was half a peso, and the third day the coin was a peso, but these he assured the king were of no more consequence to his master than the copper. Then the king told the monkey to bring his master to call, and the monkey promised that after a few days he would.

They went home, and as Juan's clothes must be washed, Juan went to bed while the monkey washed and starched them, pulling, pressing, and smoothing them with his hands because he had no iron.

Then they went to call on the king, and the king told Juan that he should marry the princess as soon as he could show the king a large house, with a hundred head of cattle, carabao, horses, sheep, and goats. Juan was very despondent at this, though he was too brave to let the king know his thoughts. He told his troubles to the monkey, who assured him that the matter was very easy.

The next day they took a drum and a shovel and went into the mountains, where there was a great enchanter who was a very wealthy man and also an *asuang*. They dug a great hole and then Juan hid in the woods and began to beat his drum, and the monkey rushed up to the enchanter's house and told him the soldiers were coming, and that he would hide him. So the enchanter went with the monkey to the hole and the monkey pushed him in and began with hands and feet to cover him up. Juan helped, and soon the enchanter was dead and buried. Then they went to the house and at the first door they opened they liberated fifty people who were being fattened for the enchanter's table. These people were glad to help Juan convey all the money, cattle, and all the enchanter's wealth to the town. Juan built a house on the plaza, married the princess, and lived happily ever after, but his friend the monkey, having so well earned his liberty, he sent back to the woods, and their friendship still continued.

9. JUAN THE DRUNKARD WHO VISITED HEAVEN.

There was once a man named Juan, who was a drunkard. One day when he was drunker than usual he decided to visit his dead friends in heaven. He took no baggage except two long bamboo buckets full of *tuba*, which he carried one over each shoulder. He walked and walked for at least a week, until he came to a place where they sold *tuba*. There he filled his buckets, promising to pay on his return, and set out again.

After walking a long time he came to a city with a wall around it, and at the gate sat an old man with a long beard and with keys at his girdle whom he knew at once as St. Peter. "Good-morning, St. Peter," said Juan. "I would like to see some of my friends that I think are here." "Who are you?" asked St. Peter, getting up angrily. "I am Juan and I have come a long way to see some of my friends. Won't you let me look?" "No," said St. Peter, "I won't. You are drunk." "Well, then, only be so good as to let me take just a little peep." So St. Peter opened the gate just the least bit, but Juan was not satisfied, so he said, "Good St. Peter, open the gate just a little wider for me to see with both eyes." Then he persuaded St. Peter to let him put his head in, and then by a little firmness he slipped in, still carrying his buckets of *tuba*.

St. Peter ordered him to come out, but he started down a street he saw, or rather a road, for there were no houses there. "Stop!" said St. Peter, "that road won't take you to your friends. Go the other way." And Juan did so.

After he had gone on for some time, he found that he was surrounded by devils who began to torment him, but he defended himself successfully against them, and by giving them part of his *tuba* bribed them to tell him where to find his friends. To his friends he gave the remainder of his *tuba* and then set out to find God himself.

Being ushered into the Divine Presence, he knelt humbly and said, "Lord, I beg thee to tell me how long I shall live." The Lord looked at him and said, "I have not sent for you; why are you here?" Juan bowed more humbly than before, and replied, "O Most High, I have come to see some of my dead friends, and I would like also to know how long I shall live on earth." So God told him that he had still a long earthly life before him and never to come again until he was sent for.

So Juan left the heavenly city and passed back through St. Peter's gate, and at last, after a weary journey, came to earth again. And Juan lived a long and happy life and drank more *tuba* than ever.

10. THE JUAN WHO VISITED HEAVEN.

There was once an old couple who always prayed for a child, for they

had always been childless. No matter how it looked, whether deformed or ugly, they must have a child. So after a short time they saw that their prayers would be answered, and in the course of nature a child was born, but the mother died at the birth.

The new-born child ran to the church, climbed into the tower, and began to hammer on the bells. The priest, hearing the noise, sent the sacristan to see what was the matter. The sacristan went, and seeing there a little child, asked what he was doing and told him to stop, for the priest would be angry; but the ringing of the bells went on. Then the priest went up. "Little boy," he said, "what is your name?" "Juan," said the child. "Why are you ringing the church bells?" "Because my mother is dead." "When did she die?" "Only now." "If you stop ringing the bells she shall have a fine funeral and you shall live with me and be as my son," said the priest. "Very well, sir, if you will let me stay in the church all I wish." To this the priest assented. The dead woman was buried with all the pomp of music, candles, and bells, and the boy went to live in the convent. Always after his school was done he would be in the church. The father did everything that was possible for him, for he knew that he was not a natural child.

After a time the padre sent for him to get his dinner, but he would not leave the church, so the priest had a good dinner cooked and sent it down to the church, but he told the sacristan to watch the church and see what happened. The sacristan watched and soon saw the statue of Jesus eating with the boy. This he told the padre, and the child's dinner was always sent to the church after that. One day not long after he went to the priest and said, "Master, my friend down at the church wants me to go away with him." "Where are you going?" "My friend wants me to go to heaven with him."

The priest consented and the little boy and the Lord Jesus went away together. As they walked the little boy saw that two roads ran along together, one thorny and the other smooth. Asked the boy of his companion, "Friend, why is this road where we walk so thorny, and that other yonder so smooth?" Said the Lord, "Hush, child, it is not fitting to disturb the peace of this place, but I will tell you. This is the path of the sinless and is thorny, but that smooth way yonder is the way of the sinners and never reaches heaven."

Again they came to a great house filled with young men and women who were all working hammering iron. Said the little boy, "Who are those who labor with the hammer?" "Hush, child, they are the souls of those who died unmarried."

They journeyed on, and on one side were bush pastures filled with poor cattle while on the opposite side of the road were pastures dry and bare where the cattle were very fat. The child inquired the meaning of the mystery. The Lord answered him, "Hush, child! These lean cattle

in the rich pastures are the souls of sinners, while those fat cattle on dry and sunburnt ground are the souls of sinless ones."

After a while they crossed a river, one part of which was ruby red and the other spotless white. "Friend, what is this?" asked the boy. "Hush, child, the red is the blood of your mother whose life was given for yours, and the white is the milk which she desired to give to you, her child," said the Lord.

At last they came to a great house having seven stories, and there on a table they saw many candles, some long, some short, some burned out. Said Juan, "Friend, what are all these candles?" "Hush, child, those are the lives of your friends." "What are those empty candle-sticks?" "Those are your mother and your uncle, who are dead." "Who is this long one?" "That is your father, who has long to live." "Who is this very short one?" "That is your master, who will die soon." "May I put in another?" "Yes, child, if you wish." So he changed it for a long one, and with his heavenly companion he returned to earth.

There he told his master, the padre, all that he had seen and heard and how he had changed the candles; and he and his master lived together a very long time. And in the fulness of time the padre died, but Juan went to heaven one day with his Lord and never returned.

II. THE SAD STORY OF JUAN AND MARIA.

Juan and Maria were orphans. When Juan was about eight years old and Maria was about four their father died. The mother went into the hemp fields to earn a living for her family by stripping the fibre from the hemp, which is very hard work, so hard that she died worn out in a month or two afterward.

Juan and Maria were then taken into the family of an uncle, their mother's brother, and little Juan began to work for his little sister's and his own living, by transplanting the tender shoots of the banana. Maria often accompanied him, as the children were much attached to each other. One day when they were out in the field Maria saw a beautiful bird which seemed very tame and tried to catch it, but the bird ran into the woods, and although she could come very close to it she could not catch it. On and on she went until she was almost ready to drop, her tiny feet leaving no trace, but still she followed the bird. Just at night she saw an old man with a very kind face, who came toward her, and putting the bird under one arm and taking Maria on his shoulder, he set off toward his house, which did not seem to be very far off. Arriving there he said to his wife, "See, wife, what good fortune I have had to-day." Seeing the child, his wife threw up her hands in thanksgiving and cried, "Thanks be to God, we have a child at last in our old age."

Poor Juan, torn with fear, hunted the woods for days, but could not

find his little sister. Convinced at last that his search was hopeless, he went home and worked hard and in a few years became a rich man. Then he began to consider where he could find a suitable wife. It was told him that there was an old couple beyond three ranges of mountains who had a beautiful daughter, and to her he determined to go.

Maria had likewise grown up, and now she was the most beautiful damsel in many days' journey. When Juan set out on his search, it was to the house of Maria's foster parents that he was bound.

Arriving there, he called to those within, "Honorable people," and the old man said, "Come in;" but Juan remained without until the third invitation. Passing within, he likewise would not sit down till he had been asked three times.

Seating himself on a bench, he told the old man that he had come to marry his daughter, and the old man told him he might if he could show that he had enough money. As Juan was rich, this did not take long to do, and after a few days Juan and Maria were married, not knowing their relationship. They lived happily together, and a daughter was born to them. This child, like her mother, was very beautiful.

One day, as the little girl was playing by the river, a crab came to the edge of the water and said,—

"Beautiful art thou,
More beautiful than any other,
But thou art the child
Of sister and brother."

Horried, the child ran to her mother, and then the parents began to talk over the events of their childhood and found that they were indeed sister and brother.

They went to Maria's foster father to ask what they must do, and he told them they must live apart; and then they went to the archbishop, who told them that they might live lawfully together, as the sacrament of marriage was above all, but, after much thought, they decided that they must live apart, and Maria went back to her foster father.

Thus by a sinless crime were their lives saddened forever.

12. THE FIFTY-ONE THIEVES.

There were once two brothers, Juan and Pedro. Pedro was rich and was the elder, but Juan was very poor and gained his living by cutting wood. Juan became so poor at last that he was forced to ask alms from his brother, or what was only the same thing, a loan. After much pleading, Pedro gave his brother enough rice for a single meal, but repenting of such generosity, went and took it off the fire, as his brother's wife was cooking it, and carried it home again.

Juan then set out for the woods, thinking he might be able to find a few sticks that he could exchange for something to eat, and went much

farther than he was accustomed to go. He came to a road he did not know and followed it for some distance to where it led to a great rocky bluff and there came to an end.

Juan did not know exactly what to think of such an abrupt ending to the roadway, and sat down behind a large rock to meditate. As he sat there a voice within the cliff said, "Open the door," and a door in the cliff opened itself. A man richly dressed came out, followed by several others, whom he told that they were going to a town at a considerable distance. He then said, "Shut the door," and the door closed itself again.

Juan was not sure whether any one else was inside, but he was no coward and besides he thought he might as well be murdered as starved to death, so when the robbers had ridden away to a safe distance without seeing him, he went boldly up to the cliff and said, "Open the door." The door opened as obediently to him as to the robber, and he went in. He found himself inside a great cavern filled with money, jewels, and rich stuffs of every kind.

Hastily gathering more than enough gold and jewels to make him rich, he went outside, not forgetting to say, "Close the door," and went back to his house.

Having hidden all but a little of his new wealth, he wished to change one or two of his gold pieces for silver so that he could buy something to eat. He went to his brother's house to ask him for the favor, but Pedro was not at home, and his wife, who was at least as mean as Pedro, would not change the money. After a while Pedro came home, and his wife told him that Juan had some money; and Pedro, hoping in turn to gain some advantage, went to Juan's house and asked many questions about the money. Juan told him that he had sold some wood in town and had been paid in gold, but Pedro did not believe him and hid himself under the house to listen. At night he heard Juan talking to his wife, and found out the place and the password. Immediately taking three horses to carry his spoils, he set out for the robbers' cave.

Once arrived, he went straight to the cliff and said, "Open the door," and the door opened immediately. He went inside and said, "Close the door," and the door closed tight. He gathered together fifteen great bags of money, each all he could lift, and carried them to the door ready to put on the horses. He found all the rich food and wine of the robbers in the cave, and could not resist the temptation to make merry at their expense; so he ate their food and drank their fine wines till he was foolishly drunk. When he had reached this state, he began to think of returning home. Beating on the door with both hands, he cried out, "Open, beast. Open, fool. May lightning blast you if you do not open!" and a hundred other foolish things, but never once saying, "Open the door."

While he was thus engaged, the robbers returned, and hearing them coming he hid under a great pile of money with only his nose sticking out. The robbers saw that some one had visited the cave in their absence and hunted for the intruder till one of them discovered him trembling under a heap of coin. With a shout they hauled him forth and beat him until his flesh hung in ribbons. Then they split him into halves and threw the body into the river, and cut his horses into bits,¹ which they threw after him.

When Pedro did not return, his wife became anxious and told Juan where he had gone. Juan stole quietly to the place by night, and recovered the body, carried it home, and had the pieces sewn together by the tailor.

Now the robbers knew that they had been robbed by some one else, and so, when Pedro's body was taken away, the captain went to town to see who had buried the body, and by inquiring, found that Juan had become suddenly rich, and also that it was his brother who had been buried.

So the captain of the robbers went to Juan's house, where he found a ball going on. Juan knew the captain again and that he was asking many questions, so he made the captain welcome and gave him a great deal to eat and drink. One of the servants came in and pretended to admire the captain's sword till he got it into his own hands; and then he began to give an exhibition of fencing, making the sword whirl hither and thither and ending with a wonderful stroke that made the captain's head roll on the floor.

A day or two later, the lieutenant also came to town, and began to make inquiries concerning the captain. He soon found out that the captain had been killed in Juan's house, but Juan now had soldiers on guard at his door, so that it was necessary to use strategy. He went to Juan and asked if he could start a "tienda," or wine-shop, and Juan, who recognized the lieutenant, said, "Yes." Then the lieutenant went away, soon returning with seven great casks, in each of which he had seven men.

These he stored under Juan's house until such time as Juan, being asleep, could be killed with certainty and little danger. When this was done, he went into the house, intending to make Juan drunk and then kill him as Juan had the captain. Juan, however, got the lieutenant drunk first, and soon his head, like the captain's, rolled on the floor.

The soldiers below, like all soldiers, wished to have a drink from the great casks, and so one of them took a borer and bored into one of the casks. As he did so, a voice whispered, "Is Juan asleep yet?" The soldier replied, "Not yet," and went and told Juan. The casks

¹ The Tagalog word is literally "hash."

by his order were all put into a boat, loaded with stones and chains, and thrown into the sea. So perished the last of the robbers.

Juan, being no longer in fear of the robbers, often went to their cave, and helped himself to everything that he wanted. He finally became a very great and wealthy man.¹

Fletcher Gardner.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

¹ This story is probably derived from a Spanish version of "The Forty Thieves," but like all the stories of this collection, it is from an oral version of the Tagalog tale.

A FILIPINO (TAGALOG) VERSION OF ALADDIN.

ONCE on a time a poor boy and his mother went far from their home city to seek their fortune. They were very poor, for the husband and father had died, leaving them little, and that little was soon spent. The boy went into the market-place to seek for work, and a travelling merchant, seeing his distress, spoke to him and asked many questions. When he had inquired the name of the boy's father, he embraced him with many kind words, and told him that he was the father's long-lost brother, and that as he had no children of his own the boy should be his heir and for the present live with him as his son. He sent the boy to call his mother, and when she came he kissed her with many words of endearment, and would have it that she was his sister-in-law, though she told him that her husband had no brother. He treated her well and made her many presents, so that she was forced to believe he really was her brother-in-law.

The merchant then invited the boy to go for a visit with him, promising that the mother should soon follow. Mother and son consented, and the merchant set off with his nephew in the afternoon. They went far and came to a mountain which they crossed, and then to a second, which seemed very high to the poor boy so that he begged to rest. The man would not allow this, and when the boy cried, beat him till he agreed to do whatever he was told. They crossed this mountain also, and came to a third, and on the very top they stopped. The merchant drew a ring from his own finger and put it on that of the boy. Then he drew a circle around the boy and told him not to be frightened at what would happen, but to stretch out his arms three times, and that the third time the ground would open, and that then he must descend and get a *tabo*¹ that he would find, and that with that in their hands they could quickly return. The boy, from fear of the man, did as he was told, and when the ground opened, went down into the cave and got the *tabo*. As he reached up his hand to be pulled from the cave, the man took the ring from his finger, and told him to hand up the vessel, but the boy, now much frightened, refused unless he were first helped out himself. That the man would not do, and after much talk drew another circle around the cave-mouth, bade it close, and left the boy a prisoner in most evil plight.

Alone and helpless for three days in the underground darkness, the boy was a prey to awful fear, but at the end of the third day, having by accident rubbed slightly the *tabo* with his hand, at once a great *sinio*²

¹ *Tabo*: a cocoanut shell cup.

² *Sinio*: corrupted from Sp. *genio*; Eng. genius.

or *multo*¹ stood before him, saying that he was the slave of the *tabo*, and that all things earthly were within his power. At once mindful of his mother, he told the *multo* to take him home, and in the winking of an eye, still carrying the *tabo* in his hand, he stood before his mother. He found her very hungry and sorrowful, and recounted all that had happened and again rubbed the *tabo* lightly. The *multo* reappeared and the good woman hid her face for terror at the sight, but the lad bade the *multo* bring him a dinner for them both on a service of silver with everything to match.

After they had dined well for several days on the remnants of the food, the boy went to the market and sold the spoons that the *multo* had brought for two gold pieces, and on that they lived a long time: and as from time to time their money became exhausted, he sold more, till at last there was nothing left. Then, as he had become a young man, he required the *multo* to bring him a great chest of money, and soon became known as a very rich and generous person.

Now there was in that city a woman who had a very handsome daughter whom she wished to marry to the young man, and by way of opening the matter, she and her daughter went one day to try to buy some of the rich table ware which he had, or at least so they pretended. The young man was not of a mind for that kind of alliance, and so told the old woman to rub the magic vessel. She did so and the *multo* at once whisked her inside. The daughter also went in to inquire for her mother, and as she admiringly touched the *tabo* the *multo* made her prisoner, and the two became the slaves of the young man and were never heard of again.

A variant of this tale has been printed in Tagalog. It has probably reached the Philippines through the medium of Spanish.

Fletcher Gardner.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

¹ *Multo*: genius; etymology unknown.

SOME GAMES OF FILIPINO CHILDREN.

OS-OS.

THIS is a game used by older persons to amuse small children, exactly as our game of the "Five Little Pigs."

The child is grasped by the wrist with the left hand of the elder, who repeats "Ang áma, ang ína, ang káka, ang áli, ang nóno, tóloy, os-os sa kílí-kílí mo." That is, "The father (thumb), the mother (forefinger), the elder brother (middle finger), the elder sister (ring finger), the grandparent (little finger) straight up to your armpit." The armpit is then tickled. Os-os is a verb meaning "to go up stream." This is a common game among the Tagalogs of Mindoro Island.

MARBLES.

The game of marbles is played with conical shells, propelled by laying on the ground and striking with the ulnar side of the index finger, which is snapped from the thumb against it. The goal is a hole in the ground, in which the stakes, usually consisting of other shells of the same kind, are deposited. The "taw" is a straight line some six or eight feet away. If a shell is struck, the owner of the striking shell has another shot, and the owner of the shell struck shoots from where he lies. He seems to incur no penalty.

This is a common game on Mindoro, and is played usually at the beginning of the dry season.

TÁGO-TÁGO.

Translated, the name means, "Play at hiding." It is played exactly as "I spy" and the counting out beforehand is similar. There is a considerable number of counting-out rhymes to be heard, only one of which I am able to give entire. It is in Filipino Spanish. "Pim, pim, serapim, agua, ronda, San Miguel, arcángel."

In English, "Phim, phim, seraphim, water, the night patrol, St. Michael, the archangel."

HOP-SCOTCH.

This game is played by marking out in the dust or sand a parallelogram, which is subdivided into a varying number of compartments. A small stone is put into the first subdivision, and the player, standing on one foot, kicks it into each in turn. If it goes out of bounds he is allowed to kick it back, so long as the other foot does not reach the ground. A failure to complete the circuit entails a loss of turn, and on the next round the player begins again at the first compartment.

JACK-STONES.

Is played with pebbles or shells. I am unable to give the special movements, which resemble very much our own game. I suspect that it is of Spanish origin.

Fletcher Gardner.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

TAGALOG FOLK-TALES. II.

13. THE COVETOUS KING AND THE THREE CHILDREN.

THERE were once three orphan children, the oldest of whom was perhaps ten years old, and the others but little things, almost babies. They had a tiny little tumble-down house to live in, but very little to eat. Said the eldest to his little brother and sister, "I will go yonder on the sands laid bare by the falling tide, and it may be that I shall find something that we can eat." The little children begged to go, too, and they all set out over the sands. Soon they found a large living shell. "Thanks be to God," said the boy, for he was well instructed, "we shall have something to eat." "Take me home, but do not cook me," said the shell, "and I will work for you." Now this was probably the Holy Virgin herself, in the form of a shell, who had taken pity on the poor children. They took the shell home, and there it spoke again. "Put me into the rice pot, cover me up, and you shall turn out plenty of boiled rice for all of you." And they did so, and the boiled rice came from the pot. "Now put me into the other pot, and take out *ulam*." And they took out *ulam* in abundance. "Have you a clothes chest?" asked the shell; but there was none, so they put it into a box, and the box became filled with clothing. Then the shell filled the spare room with rice, and last of all filled another large box with money.

Now the king of this city was a cruel man, and he sent for the children and told them that they must give up their money, their rice and all to him and be poor again. "O dear king," said the oldest child, "will you not leave us a little for our living?" "No," replied the king, "I will give you as much boiled rice as you need, and you ought to be glad that you get it."

So the king sent ten soldiers to move the rice and the money, but, as soon as they got it to the king's house, it returned to the children. The soldiers worked a whole week without getting a grain of rice or a piece of money to stay in the king's house. Then because they were about to die from fatigue, the king sent ten more, and these too failed. Then the king went himself, but when he tried to move the money he fell down dead. The children, relieved from persecution, lived long and happy lives and were always rich and influential people.

14. THE SILENT LOVER.

A long time ago, when the world was young, there lived a very bashful young man. Not far from his house there lived the most beautiful young woman in the world. The young woman had many suitors but rejected all, wishing only for the love of the bashful young man. He in his turn was accustomed to follow her about, longing for courage to declare his

love, but bashfulness always sealed his lips. At last, despairing of ever making his unruly tongue tell of his passion, he took a dagger and, following her to the bathing place on the river bank, he cut out his own heart, cast it at her feet, and fell down lifeless. The girl fled, terrified, and a crow pounced upon the heart, and carried it to a hollow *dao*-tree, when it fell from his beak into the hollow and there remained. But the love for the girl was so strong in the heart that it became reanimated and clothed again with humanity in the form of a little child. A hunter, pursuing the wild boar with dogs, found the child crying from hunger at the foot of the *dao*-tree and, being childless, took it home, and he and his old wife cared for it as their own. The young woman, knowing now the love of the young man, lived for his memory's sake, a widow, rejecting all suitors.

But from the child was never absent the image of his loved one, and at last his love so wrought on his weak frame that he sickened. Knowing that his end was near, he begged of his foster mother that, after his death, she should leave him, and not be surprised if she could not find him on her return. He also asked that on the third day she should take whatever she should find in a certain compartment of the great chest and give it to the girl without price. All this she promised, realizing fully that this was not a natural child.

At last he died, and when his foster mother left the body, his great love reanimated the body and it crept into the chest, becoming there transformed into a beautifully carved casket of fragrant wood.

Obedient to his wishes, on the third day the old woman carried the casket to the girl, giving it to her without price.

When the girl took the casket into her hands, its charm fascinated her, and she clasped it tight and covered it with kisses. At last the spell was broken by the magic of her kisses, and the casket whispered softly to her, "I am thy true love. I was the heart of him who killed himself for love of thee, and I was the youth who died for love of thee, but at last I am contented. In life and death we shall never more be separated." And it was so, for the woman lived to a great age, carrying the casket always with her, inhaling its fragrance ¹ with her kisses, and when she died it was buried with her.

15. THE PRIEST, THE SERVANT BOY, AND THE CHILD JESUS.

There was once a priest who had for his servant a very good boy. One day the padre wanted the boy, and, after looking everywhere for him, went to church. Opening the door quietly, he looked in and there he saw that the statue of the child Jesus had left its shrine and was down on the floor talking and playing with the boy. The priest slipped softly

¹ Filipinos do not kiss like Occidental peoples, but touch the tip of the nose, with sometimes the lips, and inhale the fragrance of the face or hair.

away and ordered a very fine dinner cooked for the lad. When the boy returned to the convent, the padre asked him where he had been. "I have been down to the church playing with a friend." "Very well, there is your dinner. If you play with your friend again, ask him if I shall go to glory in heaven when I am dead." The boy took his dinner to the church and ate, sharing it with the child Jesus.

"Tell me, friend," said he to his heavenly companion, "will my master, the priest, go to glory in heaven?" "No," said the child Jesus, "because he has neglected his father and mother." When the boy carried these words to the priest he became very sad, and asked the lad to inquire whether he might atone for his wrong by doing good to other old people. "No," came the answer. "It must be his father and mother who shall receive their dues, and it may be that he shall enter heaven alive."

So the priest sent for his poor old father and mother, and lavished on them every care, suffering no one else to do the least thing for them. At last the old people died, and the priest was very sad. Then one night, as he slept, came soft and very beautiful music around about and within the convent, and the boy awoke the priest to listen. "Oh," said the padre, "it is perhaps the angels come to carry us alive to heaven." And it was so. The angels carried the boy and the priest, his master, to be in glory in heaven.

16. THE STORY OF JUAN DEL MUNDO DE AUSTRIA AND THE PRINCESS MARIA.

There was once a king who had three very beautiful daughters, Princess Clara, Princess Catalina, and Princess Maria.

This king was sick for a long time with a dreadful disease, and although he spent much money on medicines and doctors he was only worse instead of better.

At last he sent word to all his people proclaiming that whoever would cure him might have one of the princesses to marry.

After several days one of the heralds returned, saying he had met a snake who inquired if the king would give his daughter to a snake to wife if he were cured. The king called his daughters and asked if they would be willing to marry a snake.

Said Princess Clara, "I will be stung by a snake till I am dead before I give my virginity to a snake." Said Princess Catalina, "I may be beaten to death with sticks, but I will not give my virginity to a snake." Said Princess Maria, "Father, so you be but well, I care not what becomes of me. If a snake can cure you, I am willing to marry him."

So the king's message was carried to the snake, and the king was made well. The snake and the princess were married, and set off through the forest together. After a long journey they came to a house in the forest,

and there the snake and the beautiful Maria lived together many days. But the snake, being very wise, saw that the princess ate little and cried very much, and asked her why it was so. She told him that it was hard for her to live with a snake. "Very well," said the snake, and went into a house near by; after a little there came out a handsome man with silken clothes, and rings on his fingers, who told her that he was her husband, that he was known among men as Don Juan del Mundo de Austria, and that he was king of all the beasts, being able to take the form of any of them at will.

They passed many happy days together till the time came for the great feast at the court of Princess Maria's father. Don Juan told her that she might go, but that she must on no account tell his name or rank, otherwise when she came to their trysting-place by the seashore she would not find him. He gave her a magic ring by means of which she might obtain anything she wanted, and left her close to her own city.

When she arrived at home her sisters were greatly surprised to see her looking well, happy, and much more finely dressed than when she went away, but her father was very glad to see her. The elder sisters often asked her the secret of her husband's identity, but her answer was always the same, "Did you not both see that I married a snake? Who else could it be." The wicked women then determined to make her tell, whether she wished or not, and so they asked her to walk with them in a secluded garden.

Then they took sticks and set upon her, beating her and telling her that she must tell who her husband was. The poor little princess defended herself a long time, saying that if she told she would never see him again, but finally, when she was nearly dead from beating, she told them that her husband was Don Juan de Austria. Then she was beaten for not telling the truth, but her tormentors finally desisted and she went to her father and told him all.

He did not wish her to return to the forest and begged her to remain with him, but she insisted.

When she arrived at the trysting-place, Don Juan was not there, but she set out bravely, asking of her ring whatever she needed for food, drink, and clothing. Wherever she went she inquired of the beasts and birds the whereabouts of her husband, Don Juan de Austria, and, when they knew who she was, they worshipped her and did all that was required.

After many days of wandering she came to a place where there was a giant, who was about to eat her, but when he knew her for Don Juan's wife he worshipped her and sent her on her way. Soon she was found by a young giantess who, too, was about to eat her, but when she learned that Maria was the wife of Don Juan she carried her to her own house and hid her, saying that she must be cared for a while until her parents

should return, for they might eat her without asking who she was. When the old giant and his wife came back, they told her that she must stay with them for a while, until they could find out about the whereabouts of Don Juan, when they would help her further.

They were very good to her, for, said they, "Don Juan is not only king of the animals but of the giants and monsters of every kind."

Then the giants took her to Don Juan's city and found her a place in the house of an old childless couple, and there she made her home. But Don Juan had taken another wife, the Lady Lorian, and the new wife saw the old and desired her for a servant. So the Princess Maria became a servant of her rival, and often sat in old rags under the stairs at her work, while her faithless husband passed her without seeing her.

The poor girl was torn with jealousy and spent much time thinking about how she might win her husband again. So she asked the ring for a toy in the form of a beautiful little chick, just from the egg.

The Lady Lorian saw the pretty toy and begged for it. "No," said Maria, "unless you grant me a little favor, that I may sleep on the floor to-night in your room." So Lorian, suspecting no deceit, agreed.

That night Maria wished on her ring that Lorian might be overcome with sleep, and again that her own rags might be transformed into royal raiment and that her tiara should glitter on her forehead. Then she went to the head of the bed and called Don Juan. At first he would not answer, then, without turning to look at the speaker, he bade her go away, as his wife would be angry. "But that is not your wife, Don Juan," said Maria; "I am your true wife, Maria. Look at my dress and the jewels on my forehead — my face, the ring on my finger." And Don Juan saw that she was indeed the deserted wife, and after he had heard the sad story of her wanderings he loved her afresh. The next day at noon-time Maria was not to be found, although Dona Lorian looked everywhere. At last she looked into Don Juan's room, and there, locked in each other's arms fast asleep, were Don Juan and Princess Maria.

Lorian aroused them, angrily saying to Maria, "Why do you wish to steal my husband? You must leave this house at once." But Maria resisted saying, "No, he is not your husband but mine, and I will not give him up." And so they quarrelled long and bitterly, but at last agreed to be judged by the council.

There each told her story, and Maria showed Don Juan's enchanted ring, which worked its wonders for her but would not obey the Lady Lorian.

When the matter was decided, it was the judgment of all, including the Archbishop, that Maria was the lawful wife, but that she and Don Juan must go away and never return.

So Don Juan and the Princess Maria went away and lived long and happily.

17. THE ARTIFICIAL EARTHQUAKE.

There was once in another town a man who had three daughters, all very beautiful. But one of them had an admirer, who by some means excited the old man's wrath, and the daughter was sent to a distant place.

This in turn made the young man angry, and he determined to have revenge. He took a strong rope and attached it to one of the corner upright posts of the house, and waiting till it was dark and still inside, he hid behind a tree and began to pull the rope, alternately hauling and slacking.

"Oh!" said one of the girls, "there is an earthquake."¹

The old man jumped up and, seizing his crucifix, began to recite the prayers against earthquakes. But the trembling kept up. For more than an hour the old man prayed to all the saints in the calendar, but the earthquake still shook the house.

Then the earthquake stopped a moment, and a voice called him to come outside. His daughters begged him not to go, for said they, "You never can stand such a terrible earthquake." Taking his saw, his axe, and his long *bolo*, the old man went down, only to find everything quiet outside. He began to explore the surroundings of the house to see if he could find the cause of the disturbance, and fell over the rope. With that he began to curse and swear, saying, "May lightning blast the one of ill-omened ancestry who has shaken my house, frightened my family, and broken my bones," and many other harsh things, but he got no answer but a laugh, and the young man had his revenge.

18. THE QUEEN AND THE AETA WOMAN.

There was once a king who was sick unto death. Though he was already married to a beautiful and charming woman, he promised to marry any woman who could save his life or recall him after death. Then he died and after his death the queen was superintending the preparations for burial and getting ready the collation for the mourners. While she was busy, an Aeta (Negrito) woman, black, ill-favored, dirty, and smelling like a goat went into the room. Kneeling by the body, she began pulling out pins from the flesh, and soon the king awoke, but his mind was lost. He clasped the Aeta woman to him and showered on her terms of endearment, thinking that she was the queen, while all the time the real queen was without.

Seeing how matters stood, the Aeta woman called the queen, "Maria, Maria, bring food for the king," and she forced the queen to obey her

¹ Native houses of the poorer classes are very slightly built, of four or six uprights, with bamboo floors and thatched roof and sides, the whole tied together with rattan. They are very safe in earthquakes.

and work as a slave in the kitchen, while she wore the queen's robes and lay on the queen's couch. Of course this made a scandal, but no one could interfere until at last a soldier passed through the kitchen and seeing the queen's face red with the fire and noting her beauty, he called the king's attention to her. Then the king remembered Maria and that she was the real queen, and that the other was only a hideous Aeta usurper, and he had the Aeta woman tied in a sack with stones and thrown into the sea.

19. THE CHILD SAINT.

Once there was a child who was different from other children. She was very quiet and patient, and never spoke unless she was spoken to. Her mother used to urge her to play in the streets with the other children, but she always preferred to sit in the corner quietly and without trouble to any one. When the time came for the child to enter school, she begged her mother to get her a book of doctrines and let her learn at home. So her mother got a book of doctrines for her, and she was able to read at once without being taught. Day after day she sat in the corner reading her books and meditating.

When she became a little larger she asked to have a little room built away from the house, where she might remain free from the intrusion of any earthly thought.

Her mother had this done, and there in the tight little room with no one to see her she sat. She never tasted the food or drink placed at her door, and finally her mother, becoming alarmed, made a tiny hole and peeped through the wall. There sat the child reading her book, with a huge man standing beside her, and all manner of beasts and serpents filling the little room.

More frightened than ever, the mother ran to the priest, who told her that those were devils tempting the child, but not to fear, for she would certainly become a saint. And it was so, for afterwards the evil shapes were gone. Then the priest and the people built a costly shrine and placed her in it, and there the people used to go and ask her to intercede for them. But at last the shrine was found empty, and surely she was taken alive into heaven and is now a saint.

20. TAGALOG BABES IN THE WOODS.

Once upon a time there was a cruel father who hated his twin children, Juan and Maria, and drove them from the house on every occasion.

The children used to live on the grains of rice that fell through the bamboo floor, and such food as their mother could smuggle to them.

At last, when they were about six years old, their father took them off into the forest and left them without food or drink. They wandered for three days, being preserved by such fruits and leaves as they could gather.

Finally poor Maria said she could go no farther, but that she would die. Juan cut a mountain bamboo and from its hollow joints gave Maria a refreshing drink. Then he climbed a tree and in the distance saw a house. After much exertion they reached it and called out, "*Tauo po.*"¹ A voice from within said, "Come in, children." They went in and found a table set, but no one was there, though the same voice said, "Eat and drink all you want." They did so, and after saying, "Thank you, good-by," they started to go away, but again they were bidden to stay. So they stayed on for a long time until Juan was a young man and Maria a young woman. From a great chest that stood in the corner they took out new clothing as their old wore out, and the chest was never empty, and there was always food in the magic dishes on the table.

21. THE KING, THE PRINCESS, AND THE POOR BOY.

There was once a king who loved his daughter very much, so much in fact that he did not wish her to marry; so he built for her a secret house or vault under the ground, and there he kept her away from all but her parents and her maid servants.

There was also an old man in the same city who had a son. The old man said to his son, "Come, lad, let us go into the country and plant crops that we may live," for they were very poor. After they had worked a short time in the country, the old man died and the boy returned to the king's city and then went up and down the street crying, "Oh! who will buy me for a slave, that I may bury my father?" A kind-hearted rich man saw him and inquired his troubles, and the boy told him that he was greatly grieved because his father was dead and he had no money for the funeral. The rich man told him not to grieve, that his father would be buried with all the ceremonies given to any one. After the funeral the boy went to live with the rich man as his servant, and served him faithfully; so faithfully, indeed, that the rich man, who was childless, adopted him and gave him every advantage of education.

One day the boy wrote a sentence and placed it in the window, "You may hide your treasure with every care, and watch it well, but it will be spent at last." Now the boy had no idea of any hidden meaning in this sentence, but the king chanced to pass that way and read it. Angrily he called the rich man to his carriage, and demanded of him what it meant. "I do not know, most exalted king," said the rich man, "I have only now seen it. It must have been written by a poor boy to whom I have given shelter since his father died." "Drive him away," said the king; "if he comes back he shall be put to death."

So the rich man with a heavy heart, for he loved the boy, sent him out into the world. The boy wandered far and long, till at last he came to a house. He called out to those within, "Honorable people," and

¹ "Honorable people."

heard them answer, "Come in." Inside there was no one but only two statues, and one of these spoke, bidding him return to his own town and beg of his master princely clothing, a princely carriage, all gilt, and a music box that could play many tunes.

So the poor boy returned to his master, who sent for the tradesmen and tailors and had them make all manner of princely clothing.

Then he got into his carriage and drove around for a while, till he met a boy. To the boy he gave the music box and a piece of money and told him to play it everywhere but to sell it to nobody, and to report to him if any one wanted it. So the boy got into the carriage and took the music box with him, while the poor boy went back to the rich man's house.

Soon the king saw the beautiful carriage and heard the sweet music of the music box. The king asked the boy who the owner was, and wished to buy them. The boy told the king that he must tell his employer, and soon the carriage and the music box were sent to the king for a present.

The king was much pleased, for he knew the princess would be delighted, so he had the carriage and the music box taken into her vault, and played on the music box a long time. After he had gone, out stepped the poor boy from a secret compartment of the carriage, and knelt before her telling his love in gentle tones. She listened to him, much frightened at first, but later more composedly, till at last she gave him her heart and promised him her hand.

When the king came in again he found them sitting holding each other's hands. He demanded in a loud voice, "Who are you? Why are you here? How did you come?" To this the boy modestly replied, saying that he had come concealed in the carriage, and told the king that "You may hide your treasure with every care, and watch it well, but it will be spent at last." But the princess entreated for him, and finally the king gave his consent to their marriage, and they lived happily ever after.

22. HIDDEN TREASURE.

There were once a husband and his wife who were very poor. They had a little plot of ground that helped to sustain them, but as the man was sick the woman went to work alone.

As she was weeding in the fields she found a *malapad*,¹ and after a little she found another, and so on until she had a *sec-apat*.² With this she returned home and bought rice, but she was afraid to tell her husband lest he be jealous.

The next day she went to work and on this day she found a silver peso. As she reached the edge of the field a voice spoke to her saying, "Tell no

¹ *Malapad*—a copper piece worth about eighty to the peso or 0.0125 Mexican dollars.

² *Sec-apat*—a real or one eighth of a peso.

one of your good fortune, not even your husband, and you shall have more treasure." Afterwards she went to the field, and daily she found a peso until she had five pesos, which she hid in a safe place.

On the seventh day she went to the field, but found nothing. She went to the edge of the field to boil her rice, and was blowing her fire when she heard the same voice again saying, "Never mind boiling your rice, but dig there under your *pallok*,¹ and you will find more than enough. Tell no one, not even your husband, of what you find." She dug down and there she found a great jar filled to the brim with gold pieces. She took one or two, and hastily covered up the rest and went home. Like a good wife she disliked to keep a secret from her husband, and finally she took him off to a quiet place and told him of their good fortune.

He, overjoyed, could not restrain himself and went into the village and told every one of the treasure trove. Then they went to dig it up, but it was no longer there. Even the gold and the five pesos already saved and hid in another secret place were gone, and they were as poor as they had been before.

How foolish they were to disobey the command of the voice!

23. THE BATTLE OF THE ENCHANTERS.³

There was once a poor boy who was very ambitious to learn, and with the consent of his parents he bound himself to an enchanter who was a very wise man. The boy remained with him for a very long time, until at last his master sent him home, saying that he could teach him nothing more. The boy went home, but there he found nothing in the way of adventure, so he proposed to his father that he should become a horse, which his father could sell for twenty pesos to his late teacher. He cautioned his father that, as soon as he received the money for the horse, he should drop the halter as if by accident.

The young man then became a horse, and his father took him to the enchanter, who gave him twenty pesos. As soon as the money was in the father's hand, he dropped the halter, and the horse at once became a bird which flew away. The enchanter metamorphosed himself into a hawk and followed. The bird was so hard pressed by the hawk that it dived into the sea and became a fish. The hawk followed and became a shark. The fish, being in danger from the shark, leaped out on to the dry ground and took the shape of a crab, which hid in a spring where a princess was bathing. The shark followed in the shape of a cat, which began to search under the stones for the crab, but the crab escaped by changing itself into a ring on the finger of the princess.

Now it chanced that the father of the princess was very sick, and the

¹ *Pallok* — rice pot of earthenware.

² This story is rather suggestive of the Arabian Nights. The writer is unable to determine its true source.

enchanter went to the palace and offered to cure him for the ring on the finger of the princess. To this the king agreed, but the ring begged the princess not to give him directly to the enchanter, but to let him fall on the floor. The princess did this, and as the ring touched the floor it broke into a shower of rice. The enchanter immediately took the form of a cock and industriously pecked at the grains on the floor. But as he pecked, one of the grains changed to a cat which jumped on him and killed him.

The young man then resumed his own form, having proven himself a greater man than his master.

Fletcher Gardner.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

VISAYAN FOLK-TALES. III.

MASOY AND THE APE.¹

MASOY was a poor man who lived on a farm some miles from the town. His clothing was very poor, and his little garden furnished him scarcely enough to live on. Every week day he went to town to sell his fruits and vegetables and to buy rice. Upon his return he noticed each day that some one had entered the garden in his absence and stolen some of the fruit. He tried to protect the garden by making the fence very strong and locking the gate; but, in spite of all he could do, he continued to miss his fruit.

At length Masoy conceived the happy idea of taking some pitch and moulding it into the shape of a man. He put a bamboo hat on it and stood it up in one corner of the garden. Then he went away.

As soon as he was gone, the robber, who was none other than a huge ape, climbed the fence and got in.

"Oh!" he said to himself, "I made a mistake! There is Masoy watching. He did not go away as I thought. He is here with a big bamboo hat, but he could not catch me if he tried. I am going to greet him, for fear he may consider me impolite."

"Good morning, Masoy," he said. "Why do you not answer me? What is the matter with you? Oh! you are joking, are you, by keeping so silent? But you will not do it again." On saying this, the ape slapped the man of pitch with his right hand, and of course it stuck, and he could not get it loose.

"For heaven's sake," cried the ape, "let me go. If you do not, I will slap you with my other hand." Then he struck him with the other hand, which, of course, stuck fast also.

"Well, Masoy," cried the ape, "you have entirely exhausted my patience! If you don't let go of me at once, I shall kick you." No sooner said than done, with a result which may easily be imagined.

"Masoy," cried the now enraged ape, "if you have any regard for your own welfare, let me go, for if you don't, I still have one leg left to kill you with." So saying, he kicked him with the remaining foot, getting so tangled up that he and the tar man fell to the ground, rolling over and over.

Then Masoy came, and, when he saw the ape, he said: "So you are the robber who has stolen my fruit! Now you will pay for it with your life."

But the ape cried, "Oh, spare my life, and I will be your slave forever!"

¹ See "Tar-Baby" in *Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings*, p. 7. Also "Puss in Boots" in *Lang's Cinderella*, p. 36.

"Do you promise not to steal my fruit again?"

"I do, and I will serve you faithfully all my life."

Masoy agreed to spare him.

From that time on the ape worked very hard for his master. He sold the fruit and bought the rice and was honest and industrious. One day, on his way to market, he happened to find a small piece of gold and another of silver. At that time this country was not ruled by any foreign power, but each tribe was governed by its own datto or chief. The chief was naturally the bravest and richest of the tribe.

The chief of Masoy's tribe had a very beautiful daughter. The ape schemed to have her marry his master. Now he hit upon a plan. He went to the chief's house and asked for a ganta, which is a measure holding about three quarts and used for measuring rice.

"My master," he said, "begs you to lend him a ganta to measure his gold with."

The chief was astonished at such an extraordinary request, and asked: "Who is your master?"

"Masoy, who owns many gantas of gold and silver, acres upon acres of land, and uncountable heads of cattle," was the reply.

The ape carried the ganta home, and there he stuck the piece of gold he had found on the inside of the bottom of the measure, and then returned it to the chief.

"Oh, ape!" said the datto, "your master has forgotten to take out one piece of gold. Take it and give it back to him."

"Never mind, sir," answered the ape, "he has so much gold that that small piece is nothing to him. You may keep it."

Some weeks afterward, the ape went again to borrow the chief's ganta.

"What do you want it for now?" asked the chief.

"To measure my master's silver with," was the answer. So he carried it home, stuck inside the piece of silver he had found, and returned it. The chief found the piece of silver and offered to return it, but was answered as before, that it did not matter.

The chief believed all that the ape said, but was puzzled to know how such a rich man could be living in his territory without his having heard of him.

After a few days the ape, considering the way well prepared for his plans, called upon the datto and said: "My master requests you to give him your daughter in marriage. I am authorized to make all the arrangements with you for the wedding, if you consent to it."

"Very well," answered the chief, "but before we arrange matters I wish to see my future son-in-law. Ask him to come to see me, and I will receive him in a manner befitting his rank."

The ape returned home and said to Masoy, who knew nothing at all

of the negotiations with the chief: "I have good news for you. The chief wants to see you, for he intends to give you his daughter in marriage."

"What are you chattering about?" answered Masoy. "Have you lost your senses? Don't you know that I am too poor to marry the chief's daughter? I have not even decent clothes to wear and no means of getting any."

"Do not worry about the clothes. I will get them for you somewhere," replied the ape.

"And how shall I talk? You know that I am ignorant of city ways."

"Oh, Masoy, don't trouble about that! Just answer 'Yes' to the questions they ask you and you will be all right."

Finally Masoy consented to go, and went down to the river to wash off the dirt and grime. A rich merchant was bathing some distance up the river, and the ape slipped along the bank, stole the merchant's clothes, hat, and shoes, and running back swiftly to his master, bade him put them on. Masoy did so, and found himself, for the first time in his life, so well dressed that he no longer hesitated about going to the chief's house. When they arrived there they found that the chief was expecting them and had made a big feast and reception in honor of his future son-in-law. The chief began to talk about the wedding and said: "Shall we have the wedding in your palace, Masoy?"

"Yes," answered Masoy.

"You have a large palace, I suppose, have n't you, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Don't you think it would be well for us to go there this afternoon?"

"Yes," was again the reply.

Meanwhile the ape had disappeared. He went along the road towards home and said to all the people he met: "The datto will be along this way pretty soon and when he asks you to whom all these farms and cattle belong, you must say that they are Masoy's, for otherwise he will kill you."

The ape knew that in a certain spot stood an enchanted palace invisible to men. He went to the place, and just where the front of the house appeared whenever it was visible, he began to dig a ditch. The witch who lived in the house appeared and asked: "What are you ditching there for, Mr. Ape?"

"Oh, madam," was his answer, "have n't you heard the news? The chief is coming this way soon, and is going to have all witches and the low animals like myself put to death. For this reason I am digging a pit to hide myself in."

"Oh, Mr. Ape!" said the witch, "let me hide myself first, for I am not able to dig for myself, and you are. Do me this favor, please."

"I should be very impolite, if I refused to do a favor for a lady," said the ape. "Come down, but hurry, or you will be too late."

The witch hurried as fast as she could and got down into the pit. Then the ape threw stones down on her until she was dead. The house then became free from enchantment and always visible.

The ape then returned to the chief's house and reported that all was ready for the wedding. So the chief, Masoy, and the bride, escorted by a large number of people, set out for Masoy's palace. On the way they saw many rich farms and great herds of cattle. The chief asked the people who the owner of these farms and cattle was. The answer always was that they belonged to Masoy. Consequently the chief was greatly impressed by Masoy's great wealth.

The chief greatly admired the palace and considered himself fortunate to have such a son-in-law. That night the wedding took place, and Masoy lived many years in the palace with his wife, having the ape and a great number of slaves to serve him.

ARNOMONGO AND IPUT-IPUT.

(The Ape and the Firefly.)

One evening the firefly was on his way to the house of a friend, and as he passed the ape's house, the latter asked him: "Mr. Fire-fly, why do you carry a light?" The firefly replied: "Because I am afraid of the mosquitoes." "Oh, then you are a coward, are you?" said the ape. "No, I am not," was the answer. "If you are not afraid," asked the ape, "why do you always carry a lantern?" "I carry a lantern so that when the mosquitoes come to bite me I can see them and defend myself," replied the firefly. Then the ape laughed aloud, and on the next day he told all his neighbors that the firefly carried a light at night because he was a coward.

When the firefly heard what the ape had said, he went to his house. It was night and the ape was asleep, but the firefly flashed his light into his face and awakened him." The firefly was very angry and said: "Why did you spread the report that I was a coward? If you wish to prove which of us is the braver, I will fight you on the plaza next Sunday evening."

The ape inquired: "Have you any companions?" "No," replied the fire-fly, "I will come alone." Then the ape laughed at the idea of such a little creature presuming to fight with him, but the firefly continued: "I shall be expecting you on the plaza about six o'clock next Sunday afternoon." The ape replied: "You had better bring some one to help you, as I shall bring my whole company, about a thousand apes, each as big as myself." This he said, thinking to frighten the strange little insect, who seemed to him to be crazy. But the firefly answered: "I shall not need any companions, but will come alone. Good-by."

When the firefly had gone, the ape called together his company,

and told them about the proposed fight. He ordered them to get each one a club about three feet long and to be on the plaza at six o'clock the next Sunday evening. His companions were greatly amazed, but as they were used to obeying their captain, they promised to be ready at the appointed time and place.

On Sunday evening, just before six o'clock, they assembled on the plaza, and found the firefly already waiting for them. Just then the church bells rang the Angelus, so the firefly proposed that they should all pray. Immediately after the prayer, the firefly signified that he was ready to begin. The ape had drawn up his company in line, with himself at the head. Suddenly the firefly lighted upon the ape's nose. The ape next in line struck at the firefly, but succeeded only in striking the captain such a terrible blow on the nose as to kill him. The firefly meanwhile, seeing the blow coming, had jumped upon the nose of the second ape, who was killed by the next in line just as the captain had been killed; and so on down the whole line, until there was but one ape left. He threw down his club and begged the firefly to spare him. The firefly graciously allowed him to live, but since that time the apes have been in mortal terror of the fireflies.

THE SNAIL AND THE DEER.¹

The deer made fun of the snail because of his slowness, so the latter challenged the former to a race. "We will race to the well on the other side of the plaza," said the snail. "All right," replied the deer.

On the day of the race the deer ran swiftly to the well, and when he got there he called, "Mr. Snail, where are you?" "Here I am," said the snail, sticking his head up out of the well. The deer was very much surprised, so he said: "I will race you to the next well." "Agreed," replied the snail. When the deer arrived at the next well, he called as before, "Mr. Snail, where are you?" "Here I am," answered the snail. "Why have you been so slow? I have been here a long time waiting for you." The deer tried again and again, but always with the same result; until the deer in disgust dashed his head against a tree and broke his neck.

Now the first snail had not moved from his place, but he had many cousins in each of the wells of the town and each exactly resembled the other. Having heard the crows talking of the proposed race, as they perched on the edge of the wells to drink, they determined to help their cousin to win it, and so, as the deer came to each well, there was always a snail ready to stick his head out and answer, "Here I am" to the deer's inquiry.

¹ See "Uncle Remus" on "Tortoise and the Rabbit," p. 87. Also *Æsop's Fables*, p. 162.

STORY OF CA MATSIN AND CA BOO-UG.¹

One day a turtle, whose name was Ca Boo-Ug, and a monkey, Ca Matsin, met on the shore of a pond. While they were talking, they noticed a banana plant floating in the water.

"Jump in and get it," said Ca Matsin, who could not swim, "and we will plant it, and some day we will have some bananas of our own."

So Ca-Boo-Ug swam out and brought the plant to shore.

"Let's cut it in two," said Ca Matsin. "You may have one half and I will take the other, and then we shall each have a tree."

"All right," said Ca Boo-Ug; "which half will you take?"

Ca Matsin did not think the roots looked very pretty, and so he chose the upper part. Ca Boo-Ug knew a thing or two about bananas, so he said nothing, and each took his part and planted it. Ca Boo-Ug planted his in a rich place in the garden, but Ca Matsin planted his in the ashes in the fireplace, because it was easy, and then, too, he could look at it often and see how pretty it was.

Ca Matsin laughed as he thought how he had cheated Ca Boo-Ug, but soon his part began to wither and die, and he was very angry.

With Ca Boo-Ug it was different. Before long his tree began to put forth leaves, and soon it had a beautiful bunch of bananas on it. But he could not climb the tree to get the bananas, so one day he went in search of Ca Matsin, and asked him how his banana-tree was getting along. When Ca Matsin told him that his tree was dead, Ca Boo-Ug pretended to be very much surprised and sorry, and said:—

"My tree has a beautiful bunch of bananas on it, but I cannot climb up to get them. If you will get some of them for me, I will give you half."

Ca Matsin assented, and climbed the tree. When he got to the top, he pulled a banana, ate it, and threw the skin down to Ca Boo-Ug. Then he ate another, and another, throwing the skins down on Ca Boo-Ug's head. When he had eaten all he wanted, he jumped out of the tree and ran away to the woods, laughing at Ca Boo-Ug. Ca Boo-Ug did not say anything, but just sat down and thought what he should do to get even with Ca Matsin. Finally, he gathered a lot of bamboo sticks and planted them around the tree with the sharp points up, covering them with leaves so that they could not be seen. Then he sat down and waited.

As soon as Ca Matsin got hungry again, he went around to Ca Boo-Ug's garden to get some more bananas. Ca Boo-Ug seemed glad to see him, and when Ca Matsin asked for some bananas, replied:—

¹ The incident of Ca Boo-Ug pretending that he did not wish to be thrown into the water is similar to an incident in the "Tar Baby" story (see *Uncle Remus, his Songs and Sayings*, p. 16).

"All right, you may have all you want, but on one condition. When you jump out of the tree you must not touch those leaves. You must jump over them."

As soon as Ca Matsin heard that he must not jump on the leaves, that was just what he wanted to do. So when he had eaten all the bananas he wanted, he jumped out of the tree on to the leaves as hard as he could jump, and was killed by the sharp bamboo points.

Then Ca Boo-Ug skinned him and cut him up and packed the meat in a jar of brine and hid it in the mud on the bank of the pond.

In the dry season the banana-trees all died and the cocoanut-trees bore no fruit, so a troop of monkeys came to Ca Boo-Ug and asked him if he would give them something to eat.

"Yes, I have some nice meat in a jar which I will give you, but if I do, you must promise to eat it with your eyes shut."

They were very hungry, so they gave the required promise, and Ca Boo-Ug gave them the meat. All kept their eyes shut except one, a little baby, and like all babies, he was very curious and wanted to see what was going on. So he opened one eye and peeped at a bone which he had in his hand, then he called out:—

"Oh, see what I have found! Here is the little finger of my brother, Ca Matsin!"

Then all the monkeys looked, and when they found that Ca Boo-Ug had killed a member of their tribe they were very angry, and looked for Ca Boo-Ug, in order to kill him. But they could not find him, for as soon as he saw what had happened he had hidden under a piece of cocoanut shell which was lying on the ground.

The chief monkey sat upon the cocoanut shell, while he was planning with his companions how they should catch Ca Boo-Ug, but of course he did not know where he was, so he called out: "Where's Ca Boo-Ug? Where's Ca Boo-Ug?"

Ca Boo-Ug was so tickled when he heard the monkey ask where he was that he giggled. The monkeys heard him, and looked all around for him, but could not find him. Then they called out: "Where's Ca Boo-Ug? Where's Ca Boo-Ug?" This time Ca Boo-Ug laughed out loud, and the monkeys found him. Then they began to plan how they should punish him.

"Let's put him into a rice mortar and pound him to death," said one.

"Aha!" said Ca Boo-Ug, "that's nothing! My mother beat me so much when I was little that now my back is so strong that nothing can break it."

When the monkeys found out that Ca Boo-Ug was not afraid of being pounded in a rice mortar, they determined to try something else.

"Let's make a fire on his back and burn him up," suggested another.

"Oh, ho!" laughed Ca Boo-Ug, "that's nothing. I should think

that you could tell by the color of my shell that I have had a fire lighted on my back many times. In fact, I like it, as I am always so cold."

So the monkeys decided that they would punish Ca Boo-Ug by throwing him into the pond and drowning him.

"Boo-hoo!" cried Ca Boo-Ug, "don't do that! You will surely kill me. Please don't do that! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Of course when the monkeys found that Ca Boo-Ug did not wish to be thrown into the pond, they thought they had found just the way to kill him. So, in spite of his struggles, they picked him up and threw him far out into the pond.

To their surprise and chagrin, Ca Boo-Ug stuck his head out of the water and laughed at them, and then turned around and swam off.

When the monkeys saw how they had been deceived, they were very much disappointed, and began to plan how they could catch Ca Boo-Ug again. So they called to a big fish, named Botete, that lived in the pond:

"Botete! Drink all you can of the water in the pond and help us find the bag of gold that we hid in it. If you will help us find it, you shall have half of the gold."

So Botete began to drink the water, and in a little time the pond was nearly dry. Then the monkeys determined to go down into the pond and look for Ca Boo-Ug. When he saw them coming, Ca Boo-Ug called to Salacsacan, the kingfisher, who was sitting on a branch of a tree which hung over the water:—

"Salacsacan! Salacsacan! Botete has drunk all the water in the pond, and if there is no water there will be no fish for you to catch. Fly down now and peck a hole in Botete, and let the water out, before the fish are all dead." So Salacsacan flew down and pecked a hole in the side of Botete, and the water rushed out and drowned all the monkeys.

When Ca Boo-Ug saw that the monkeys were all dead, he crawled up on the bank, and there he lived happily ever after.

Another version ends as follows:—

When the monkeys saw how they had been deceived, they were very much disappointed and began to plan how they could catch Ca Boo-Ug again. They decided to drink all the water in the pond, and then they could catch Ca Boo-Ug before he could escape. So they drank and drank, until they all burst.

When Ca Boo-Ug saw that the monkeys were all dead, he crawled up on the bank, and there he lived happily ever after.

W. H. Millington and Berton L. Maxfield.

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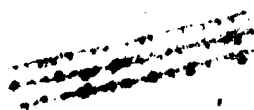
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